The Revolution.

THE TRUE REPUBLIC.—MEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING MORE: WOMEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING LESS.

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The Revolution.

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Poetry.

THE MYSTERY OF NATURE.

THE works of God are fair for thought
Unless our eyes, in seeing,
See, hidden in the thing, the thought
That animates its being.

The outward form is not the whole,
But every part is moulded
To image forth an inward soul
That dimly is unfolded.

The shadow, pictured in the lake,
By every tree that trembles,
Is cast for more than just the sake
Of that which it resembles.

The dew falls nightly, not alone
Because the meadows need it,
But hath an errand of its own
To human souls that heed it.

The stars are lighted in the skies
Not merely for their shining,
But, like the looks of loving eyes,
Have meanings worth divining.

The waves that moan along the shore,
The winds that sigh in blowing,
Are sent to teach a mystic lore
Which men are wise in knowing.

The clouds around the mountain peak,
The rivers in their winding,
Have secrets which, to all who seek,
Are precious in the finding.

Thus nature dwells within our reach,
But, though we stand so near her,
We still interpret half her speech,
With ears too dull to hear her.

Whoever, at the coarsest sound,
Still listens for the finest,
Shall hear the noisy world go round
To music the divinest.

Whoever yearns to see aright
Because his heart is tender,
Shall catch a glimpse of heavenly light
In every earthly splendor.

So, since the universe began,
And till it shall be ended,
The soul of nature, soul of man,
And soul of God are blended!

THEODORE TILTON.

IT grieves me to the soul
To see how man submits to man's control;
How overpowered and shackled minds are led
In vulgar tracks and to submission bred.

CRABBE.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Alice Cary, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

The Born Thrall.

BY ALICE CARY.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GRESHAM HOMESTEAD.

To return to the brick-yard.

The sun went down, as before stated, upon a set of hungry, dripping, discontented men; for a minute, a cloud or two showed a dull rim of red, low in the west; then sudden, lurid lights shot up, and the grey changed to the hue of mottled and rusty brass, cut here and there with a streak of indigo; then, after a little fitful shifting of light and shade, all the clouds, and all the colors of the clouds, mingled and settled into a leaden mass, and the night came on, chill and dismal enough. The wind blew uneasily, moaning as it blew, as if it knew not which way to turn—the farm-boy called his cattle with a shrill, impatient voice—the teamster whipped his horses, and made them trot up hill, dragging after them heavy loads, or empty wagons, just as it happened, and sorry the poor creatures looked for the most part—with tails knotted up—clouds of steam rising from their nostrils, and sides and bellies covered inch thick with mud.

The sheep huddled in the fence-corners, and the provident old mare led her limber-legged colt to the shelter of the leafiest tree she could find, and setting her nose upon its head, taught it patience in her own dumb way.

The fowls, following the example of their fiery-combed leader, shook out their bedraggled feathers, and flew to their roosts in the trees, and after a little natural complaining, shut their eyes, crowded together, and made the best of it.

The pigs bit each other's ears—put their feet in their feeding-trough, and squealed and grunted after the manner of their kind; and nowhere did anybody, or anything, seem quiet, or orderly, at peace with itself.

But especially was Simon Killigrew restless, and ill at ease with himself. He could not think of the lesson he had been trying to learn—he could not enter into the careless talk that was going on among the hands, and after some building up and tumbling down of the loose bricks, by way of diversion, sprang suddenly to his feet, and went out into the rain.

Walsh Hill, whose eyes had been all the while bent upon him, called after him, with a sneer:

"I say, Simon, do you go out into this ere storm merely for to cool your eye? or is it for the sake of having more room to think of the g'hals? Don't you try to obfuscate me, now, but answer square."

Simon turned, and in a bewildered way, looked at him.

"Why, you look as if you was at a four-story winder, an' I was on the ground floor," growled Hill.

"Excuse me," answered Simon, "I didn't think how I looked—my thoughts were far away."

He spoke so sadly, that a nature less coarse than Hill's must have been touched, but *he*, in his rude way, repeated his first question—to which Simon replied—

"I am neither ashamed nor afraid to confess that I was thinking of women."

"S'pose I put my question a little different, an' ask you if you wasn't a-thinkin' of Car'line Gresham? Will you own up?"

"Yes, it was of her I was thinking."

"Haw! haw! haw!" roared Hill. "Maybe you won't object for to acknowledge the corn clear to the bottom of the bag, an' for to own that you haven't got cheek enough to ask her to marry you!"

"If you mean to ask, if I will own that I have not the courage to ask Caroline Gresham to be my wife," Simon said, "I answer that I do, and will own it. She is far too good for me, or any other rough fellow like me."

Hill, with his face in his hands, pretended to be convulsed with laughter, but there was nothing to be laughed at, in what Simon had said; all felt this, and when he exclaimed, as he pulled on his coat, "boys, I'm going to milk the cows for the girls to-night—who of you, will help me?" two or three of the hands were on their feet in a minute.

The Gresham homestead, divided from the brick-yard, only by a marshy hollow, was a humble house—rude, indeed, and small to the inconvenience of even a little family—positively unequal to common comfort for the large one that had been born, and bred within it. It was built of hewn logs, was a story and a-half high, and contained two rooms, one below, and one above stairs. A wide, low-roofed porch ran along the side which fronted the road, and a great oval-shaped baking oven bulged out of the wall in the rear. The windows were of unequal sizes, and placed wherever it suited the whim of the builder, as it appeared.

The door-yard was neither square nor circular, nor yet semi-circular, nor in fact of any shape that ever had any likeness on the face of the earth. In one place the fence diverged so as to enclose a beautiful ash tree—at another point it zigzagged around the pig-sty, and after "turning of no hand" several times, contracted to a narrow neck which finally terminated in a lane—the one along which Caroline Gresham was seen walking so sadly in the introductory chapter of this story.

The road-side fence was what is locally termed "post and rail"—between garden and door-yard it was picket, and in the neighborhood of the pig-sty, it was of that angular style, common in our western states, but for which I think it not unlikely "the speech of England has no name."

A few fruit-trees were standing about the house—some of them dying, and some of them dead, from the effects of the too close browsing of the horses, which came at will to the water-trough beside the well, and after drinking their fill, raced about the yard, trampling up the turf, rolling over the washed clothes, if any chanced to be laid down there to bleach—biting the tender bark from the young fruit-trees, and doing whatever other mischief would most grieve the heart of a provident housewife.

There were some flower-bushes, rose and lilac, and a few of strange sorts, which had been given to the young folks by the neighbors; and the names and qualities of which were unknown alike to the givers and receivers. These were watched with great interest, and when visitors happened to come, seemed an exhaustless topic of conversation and criticism. A bed of pink-roots, and other homely but sweet-smelling bowers garnished the yard immediately in front of the porch, while the rear portion was dedicated to more ignoble purposes—there stood, year in and out, a small tub narrowing towards the mouth, and splashed with blue dye—there, too, was the leach-tub, spreading out at the top like a fan, and curiously warpt and discolored—and there was the iron kettle where the soap was boiled—yellow with rust in the inside, and black as tar on the outside—there was the grindstone, the dog-kennel, and besides, a variety of such dilapidated articles as are likely to accumulate about old farm-houses, and are neither useful nor ornamental.

The house, poor and rude as it was, showed some tokens of taste and refinement in its occupants. There were pots of flowers in the small attic windows; and in summer, morning-glories were trained up the posts of the porch, and thence over a net-work along the porch-side, forming a splendid curtain of purple and green, and converting the porch into quite a parlor, for the season.

Twenty yards or so from the house door was the well, overhung with a tall sweep, and with a section of the butt of a hollow tree for a curb—a few yards from the well was the smoke-house, and closely neighboring this was a shed, roofed with clap-boards, walled round with the leafy branches of trees, and having a fire-place built of stone at one side, and here in summer the cooking was done, and here of an evening, when the work was done, the young women spent their leisure hour. The barn, which had been placed with reference to the new house, stood on the ridge with the brick-yard, was built of dressed lime-stones, solid and commodious, and was in fact quite an ornament to the neighborhood. This fine barn caused it to be said of Mr. Gresham, sometimes, that he thought more of his horses and cattle than of his wife and children. This was not true—and yet it was true, that they were better provided for. He was one of those persons who leave self to the last. "By and by, we shall have it all, by and by," he used to say, and that was the great mistake of his life. He delighted in his calling, as his broad, clean meadows, neatly trimmed orchards and luxuriant corn-fields abundantly showed, and all the dumb creatures about him testified to his kindness of eart.

He could not cross a field but he was besieged on all sides—the sheep following in a long, white string, the colts rubbing their noses against his shoulders, and the cows licking his hands.

All the fences were in order, and all the requisite tools and implements in full supply and of the best sorts; but the household was managed, meanwhile, with economy, rigid sometimes to the very verge of uncomfort. Mrs. Gresham, in all her married life, had seen no holiday, and she held all her family steady to her principle of work and wait.

"By and by, by and by;" was her daily word of cheer, and so the land was paid for, and so it was cleared, and the brush burnt, and the orchard planted; so the well was digged, and the fences put up, and the great barn built; so the wool and the flax were carded and spun, and woven and sewed into garments.

And so year after year went by, and Rebecca and Caroline grew to be tall young women, having worn only the finery of their own manufacture. But they comforted their toil-hardened hands with the thought of the ease they were going to have; only a little while longer—already the bricks were being made, and by and by the fine, new house would pay for it all! Then father and mother would ride to meeting of a Sunday, she wearing a lace cap and a leghorn bonnet, and a fine silk dress; and he a broadcloth coat with brass buttons. The little children would be grown, and instead of being hindrances would have become helpful—there would be carpets on the floors, a set of china in the cup-board, and such beautiful furniture everywhere. There would not be so many cows to milk, and the wool and flax would be made into cloth at the factory.

Cincinnati—the neighboring city—would grow out and nearly skirt the farm, and I know not what hopes and dreams besides, strengthened the courage and stayed up the hands and hearts of one and all.

"Why, Miss Gresham, what ambition you have got!" cries Mrs. Varney, breaking like a sunbeam into the shed where the resolute woman, with some sewing work in her lap, sat giving directions to her daughters.

Then as she removed her shawl and bonnet and hung them across the handle of the frying-pan, she went on, in her rough kindness—"Go right along into the house with you, and take the rocking-chair! I wisht it had a velvet cusbion onto it—it wouldn't be none too good for you—bless your dear soul! There's too much draught in this shed for you, not that it ain't nice for them that are well—I've nothing agin the shed, as a shed! but you can't convert it into a sick-room—not conweniently."

Then Rebecca and Caroline added their entreaties; they could get forward with everything well enough. "I hope you can, my poor children," said the mother, "for I think my work is nearly done," and covering her face she sat there silent, though tearless, a long time. She had been strong to meet every fate, and she was strong still, and when at length she spoke, her face wore the accustomed look of serenity, and her voice had the habitual firmness and steadiness of tone. Her anxiety was all for her dear, good girls—not for herself. And largely, just then, must they have drawn upon the sympathies of any tender heart—young, ignorant, inexperienced, bewildered, terror-stricken, almost, by the event that was about to befall—they were like children frightened at the dark. When we once know in what relations we stand towards life or death, we gird ourselves up—it is the suspense, the uncertainty of things that masters us.

Rebecca, the elder of the sisters, was not yet twenty, she was tall and straight, with eyes and hair as black as the night—cold, silent, self-contained. Caroline, a year and a half younger, was brown-haired and brown-eyed, less symmetrical and of lower stature, tender, trustful and timid. Without beauty, without style; but gentle, true-hearted and altogether loveable.

They were neither blessed nor cursed with genius, but they had what is better, perhaps—common sense, and that ready, robust sort of intelligence that comes of good health. Their book-knowledge was limited to now and then a quarter at the district school, but hard work, since first they were big enough to rock the cradle, had been a discipline, and in some sort an education to them.

Born and bred in the utmost rural seclusion, their knowledge of the world had been confined to the observations of a very narrow circle. The camp meeting, the Fourth of July celebration, the market-day in the near city, and the ball in the village, on the outskirts of which they lived. Then their training had been of that unfortunate sort that excludes from the young girl whatever may be hidden, till it comes crushing upon her with deadly weight, through life's inevitable experiences.

Between the daughters and the mother there existed no sacred confidences, and except on the plane of ordinary work and superficial hopes and fears, they had till now lived together with an impassible barrier between them—no heart-ache ever breathed, no mystery so much as hinted. It is no wonder, therefore, that the young girls should have been disconcerted to amazement, when the mother suddenly assumed towards them a new relation.

There had been a shadow walking beside her for many a weary day—a shadow that she had hitherto only interpreted to herself, but concerning which she felt it right that her children should have some intimation.

"You must be good to the little ones," she said, taking it for granted that they had seen the shadow and understood its significance, "and make room among you cheerfully, for the baby. It will seem like an intruder, and to be appropriating what is justly yours, but you must try to remember its innocence and helplessness, and that you, too, have been children, and have made your share of trouble in the world. You are young, I know, to be left with such a charge, but you must be brave, and patient, and wiser than your years.

She spoke of little Charley, and bespoke for him especial kindness and forbearance, calling him her poor, wayward boy. She spoke of Dorcas with especial solicitude. Then musing to herself, and seeming to have connected and disconnected things as one does in a dream, she spoke of the school-master—she was sorry Dorcas had gone to school that summer. She would not have her go any longer—"tell her I said so—she will understand." But after a moment she added with a smile—"Why should I be troubled about the morrow, when the morrow will take care of itself?"

The wall of separation was at last broken down, and falling on her neck and clasping her hands—"O mother, dear mother, you must not leave us!" cried the young girls, and with tears raining on her head, they put their arms about her, and kissing her again and again, lamented the thing they had not done, and foretold the better things they meant to do. Shrinking from all she had said and suggested, they talked of health and comfort in the good days to come—the days when the hard work should be over, and they should have time to care for her, and to repay her for all her mo-

therly sweetness, and all her suffering and her sacrifice.

The brick-making was nearly done with, and when the new house was once built, and there was room enough and to spare, and when father was once out of debt, and able to hire a man to help with the farm-work (perhaps Simon Killigrew), they would all be happy! "Oh mother, dear, dear mother! you must not leave us now."

She answered, "I am tired, so tired, my darlings;" adding directly, "You have been good children, and I have loved you more than I have seemed to love you, and would have done more, and better for you, if I could. Remember what was best in me, and forget my short-comings and faults as far as you can, or remember them only as hints and warnings to yourselves. I will not tell you not to grieve, there are times when it is as idle to say this, as it would be to tell the winds not to blow; times when even the gentlest remonstrance is coarse and intrusive. Work will be your best solace—it was never meant to be a curse, but a blessing, and time, that with new things is always expelling the old, is the best friend to the mourner; the bright autumn leaves, and the winter snow—the bunch of green grass, or of blue violets by the wayside, will after a while arrest the saddest eyes, and make some faint picture there."

Rebecca, who had by this time regained some of her self-possession, stood still and upright; while Caroline, leaning her head against the stone-jamb of the fire-place, sobbed aloud—the sobs becoming almost convulsions, when the mother inquired if she had brought the fine linen sheets from the bleaching-yard, and entreated her, if she had not already done so, to delay it no longer. "Have them dried and ironed, and ready," she said. Directly, she went on, picking idly at the faded dress she wore, "I have been thinking for several days, I would have one of you bring me the children's best clothes, that I might put them in order. I am afraid they haven't decent suits all around, and if anything should happen that required them to be better dressed than common"——

"Oh, mother, mother!" cried poor Caroline—she patted her cheek and smiled as she continued—"Try to remember it to-morrow, and put all things, as far as you can, in decent order." After a pause, and an evident effort to suppress herself, she gave, as usual, directions about the preparations of supper for the hands, and afterward indicated the work, and outlined the management for the next day, and the next week, and looking through all the year, gave directions, and made suggestions for the exigencies she foresaw,

"Let come what will," she said, "love one another, be true to one another, and above all be true to yourselves—do the best that is possible, conform to the best that is in you—hold fast to the things that are eternal, and the things that are temporal, no matter what their power, cannot harm you much—hold every truth as sacred, for it is in harmony with every other truth. God is not divided against himself, and however dark the fashion of his providence may appear, hold fast the knowelge that he is love, and the certainty that love can work no ill."

The last day-light was fading out now, and noting the shadows, she reminded the less thoughtful girls, that it was time to kindle the fire and fetch home the cows. "The school-children will not be here to assist you to-night," he said—and her voice, as she spoke of them, faltered for the first time, and hurriedly and tenderly, she dismissed them to their tasks. And then, having for a moment gazed out upon the familiar face of things, as if she might be taking long leave, she passed along the rough path of stones, over the rude'y fashioned steps, and entered the house-door with the dark shadow close upon her track.

Nothing could have been more melancholy than the time and the circumstances, an immortal life was about to take up mortality, uninvoked and unwelcome. Oh, if any words of mine could impress any of the men and women of this blind generation, with a sense of the sacred responsibilities and capabilities entrusted to them, I could write the painful portions of this story with more confidence and courage! as it is, I write only with the faintest hope. The rain plashed over the window-glass, and slid down, drop after drop—the brier bush creaked against the wall, and the little birds fluttered into it and under it, and twittered and chirped uneasily; the low of cattle, and the bleating of the sheep, came across the hills together, and the leaves of the trees about the house made a low and dolorous cry as the winds went and came.

It grew dark in that miserable little room—the rain dropped into the chimney, and oozed along the soot, until, loosening it, it brought down handfulls at a time, and put out the little blaze that was struggling through the newly lighted wood. The mice scampered across the bare floor, and came up and looked out of the gaps, which the sinking of one stone from another had made in the hearth; and the old house cat, as she saw them, lashed her striped sides with her big tail, leapt hurriedly from place to place, licking her chops in anticipation, and whisking her head about in dark corners, with eyes glittering like shooting stars.

Rocking to and fro in the flickering fire-light sat the woman of whom our story tells. Wearied, worn out, midway of the natural years of her life—sick, sorrowful, waiting, she knew not for what—none of those luxurious appliances about her, that, say what we will, do after all, soften and alleviate the sharp and hard realities of this material world. A hard chair—a coarse pillow, a curtainless bed—these were the finest comforts her humble house could afford. The side walls of the room had been once plastered, but the only evidence left of it was a loose and smoke-black patch hanging here and there—in some places the rain drove through, and lay in little pools on the floor—a board was nailed against the joists in one place, out of the way of the children, and of the older folks too, for the most part, which served for a book-shelf, and where might have been found a volume of the travels of "Lewis and Clark," Charlotte Temple, an old Bible, with one lid gone, a few yellow and fly-specked newspapers, and some school books—amongst them, an English Reader, a juvenile spelling book, and a volume of Grimshaw's History of the United States. A rifle was suspended on wooden hooks above the door, and here and there hung hats, coats, and garments for women and children.

A tow string was stretched along the facing beneath the mantle-piece, which in winter served to keep the family hosiery warm and dry—the mantel itself was ornamented with two iron candlesticks—two or three smoothing-irons, a hone and a hammer, a small Bible and hymn book, a clothes-brush, an indigo bag, a wire mouse-trap and a camphor bottle.

Half a dozen unpainted chairs, a chest of walnut wood, a small table, and a looking-glass not much larger than one's hand, included most of the furniture. A corner-cupboard contained the delf ware and the cooking utensils. Everything indicated that life within the house, if not limited to its bare necessities, had very little beyond decency accorded to it.

"Bless your dear heart," cried Mrs. Varney, bustling in, "here you are, Miss Gresham!"—as if, indeed, she could have been anywhere else—"here you are, and everything going on comfortable as can be—willainous weather, to be sure, but a body must expect such things along this time o' year."

Her sleeves were still rolled above her elbows, for she had just taken the butter from the churn, her face was aglow with the exercise, and as she took up the heavy iron tongs to stir the coals, she shook and jingled them, as young fellows do their money, simply to regale her own ears with a pleasant noise. Indeed, she could not do anything quietly; she would not have broken a rose from the tree, without giving the tree a shake, one that energized the whole tree, and made the sap tingle to the ends of the roots. Every trifling word she spoke had in it a whole mountain's weight of cheer and encouragement, and whatever she did, seemed in part to do itself, so much did she project herself into all her words and ways. The embers fairly drew themselves together, when they heard the jingle of her tongs, and the moment she dropped on her knees, and brought a whiff of her breath to bear upon them, they were all in a blaze. "There!" she exclaimed, as she arose and shook her apron, lest some particle of ashes might adhere to it, and in that little word, you might have seen the housewifely nature of the woman, that delighted in her housewifely work.

"What a nice little torch, to light my candle with," she said, taking a bit of blazing bark from the stick on the fire—but that was not her way of lighting a candle—she was only tampering, and having considered the matter, and resolved what she might do, and what she supposed, if she were any other person than herself, she would do, she threw it contemptuously down, and taking up a coal of fire with the tongs, which she shook and rattled as before, she blew upon it with her breath, and applying the candle wick at precisely the right juncture, the flame caught, and, as she expressed it—"the house was lit up." The fire-light might have done for a while yet," she said, musing on the extravagance of lighting a tallow candle, "but it seems kind of vague like." And having *lit up*, she proceeded to set the house in holiday order. "In the first place," she said, "I'll warnish the handirons with a leetle speck o' taller, and then I'll weil the windows." And forthwith, acting upon the impulse, she hastened to convert an old shawl and cradle-quilt into temporary curtains, fastening them with the two-tined forks, which she took from the cupboard for that purpose.

(To be continued.)

A Sublime Sentiment.—As a colored man, and a victim to the terrible tyranny inflicted by the injustice and prejudice of the nation, I ask no right that I will not give to every other human being, without regard to sex or color. I cannot ask white women to give their efforts and influence in behalf of my race, and then meanly and selfishly withhold countenance of a movement tending to their enfranchisement.—*Robert Purvis, Philadelphia.*

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

BY LITA BARNEY SAYLES.

THERE appears to be, in the newspaper, as well as in the outside world, a class of persons whose aim is the destruction of the institution of marriage. I am not sure but we shall, in the course of events, come to a time when all the old sacredness of our marriage relations may be overwhelmed by the new, so-called, philosophies, better denominated sophistries, of our generation. But its sacredness can never be lost, for it is a good, and belongs to the realm of truths, and truths never die. They "rise again"—though forced to succumb to circumstances for a time.

I suppose these innovators believe they have the highest good of the greatest number in view, and are as honest, in their way, as I may be in opposing them. They are doing their work, and getting the usual pay of agitators—opprobrium. In all revolutions which are consummated by reformations, we always have fanatical leaders, who trouble the waters, and are useful as the sub-soil ploughs of the movement. They stir the foundations of society, deep below its surface; set good, staid people a-thinking; and the result is, the emancipation of the slave, *without* the dismemberment of the Union; the emancipation from the tyranny of dress, without the excess of Bloomerism; and the emancipation of woman, without the abrogation of the marriage relation. I do not see it necessary to advocate this last, at all. In cases where there is no real marriage, but only external union, parties are rapidly taking care of themselves, by virtue of the divorce laws of our states, which should all, for the good of community, be rendered as available as those of Indiana are at present.

Place woman on an equality with man, in the matter of work and wages, and let the divorce laws become as above desired, and if men and women have any affection in common between them, the law will be a terror over their heads—if they need a terror to cause them to treat each other honorably; and if they have no affection, they ought never to have been legally joined together, and the quicker they are separated, the better for the good of society and themselves.

I am quite sure there are instances, in this world of true marriage, a union of soul with soul, but alas! how few! These can never be unmarried, whatever commotion may be in the elements, and they serve as a beacon-light to others, to assure them there may be that peace in store for them. But the most of husbands and wives groan over their unadaptation to each other; struggle against disunion, hoping the future may bring grateful changes; live in this way until death comes, or give up in despair, and pursue different life-paths. These conditions are brought about by ignorance, your and my ignorance, dear reader, of the high laws of our being. "We are but *children* of a larger growth," and when we become full-grown men and women, morally, intellectually and spiritually, this condition of things will cease. Until then there must, from necessity, be "wars and rumors of wars," earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, to clear, by agitation, the atmosphere of our truer natures, and allow us to come to the stature of the soul as ultimately intended by our Maker, when we were "born of the earth, earthy."

So we must have all the patience we can, when he wailing cries come to our ears, surging up from our own souls, and from the millions, remembering that we have the skulls of our grandfathers of thousands of years ago, in our possession, that resemble those of monkeys much more than men, and be encouraged by the progress thus far achieved, to hope for an acceleration of it, in geometrical ratio. When our growth gets fairly inititiated, it may be that it shall, like the tale that is told, gain to itself so rapidly, as soon to cover the whole earth with its brightness, and there we may hope for quietude in this direction, allowing us to go on to continued advancement in others.

In the present relation of the sexes to each other, I think that the marriages of to-day, as hollow as they are, in many cases, are our best physical safeguards to woman. We are striving for the time when it will not be proper to say this; when woman, standing upon her own feet, shall be the arbiter of her own destiny. To-day we must be maintained, and cannot maintain ourselves. When we are equal to man before the law, and in the eyes of society, even then there will be no call for the demolishment of the marriage tie, though if left upon our own resources, it would not throw us, in a mess, into the cess-pools of prostitution, as it would be liable to do now. Marriage will become sanctified, when there are two parties to the ratification of it, where now there is but one, for it will cease to be merely a bread and butter affair, but shall arise from an attraction of our inner and purer natures, an affinity of our loves, and trusts, and aspirations, that seeks each as a companion to help the other over eternity's ever-ascending highways.

I believe in the monogramic principle of marriage, thoroughly and entirely. We fail sometimes, and often, to find the one that seems to correspond to our ideal of a perfect husband or wife, and in many cases the fault may be our own. We do not allow enough for poor human nature, in each other. We should remember, too, that every experience we pass through, is a part of our own developing process. We are unconsciously aiding, also, in the perfecting of those with whom we come in contact, so our incongruities, in this rudimental plane, may be just what we each need, to bring us to an awakening to the true requirements of happiness.

A marriage, once entered into, should be sacredly regarded, as long as it is possible. Each must answer to the judge within himself, as to the limitation of this time. When our feelings are so outraged, that all love and respect for our companion is gone, it is then time to depart, leaving no curses, if possible; but going in sorrow, and in pity for those who so little understood their own best good, as to injure us, perseveringly. "A brother or sister is not under bondage in such cases; but God hath called us to peace." (1st Co. vii. 15.) There is but one soul-union; if through our blindness or misfortune we find it not here, we shall find it hereafter, when "we are as the angels of God in heaven." If we are striving for the good and pure, let this be our consolation. *It is a consolation.*

Therefore my work, as far as it relates to the sexes, must not be to aid in sundering ties already formed, which should be holy and productive of holiness to each, but to strive to open all eyes to the worse than folly of ignorance, and to the great blessing of a thorough knowledge of ourselves, and of each other, and to teach that the old, but ever, and forever new, and golden rule, to "do as we would be done by," brings to us, as well as those around us, the greatest amount of happiness.

After all, that short, but beautiful, motto underlies and overlies all our proudest moral philosophies, and, if carried out, would bless the world beyond its wildest visions. May we have the grace given to strengthen us, to do as well as we know!

Dayville, Ct.

A BUSINESS WOMAN.

BY MRS. B. C. REEDE.

A BUSINESS woman is—well, to say the least, there's strong prejudice against her. The female exquisite bites the fingers of her white kids and simperingly exclaims, "I despise her." The "man with the moustache" gives her all the sidewalk, and looks after her with a "Whew! she's a steamboat—I'm glad she don't keep my kitchen." I beg leave to disagree with both of these individuals. I hold that, since things are just as they are, we need business women just as much as business men.

Business men are wearing themselves out to keep these very precious little bundles of feminine propriety in white gloves and physic—in other words, their fancy goods and doctor's bills count up fast.

One of these superlatively feminine women knows no more about her husband's business, than I do about yours, stranger, or you about mine. She don't know whether he is plodding up hill, or running down. It is her boast that she does nothing but eat, drink, and wear the money which her husband bountifully provides. She rocks, and chats, and fans, and looks pretty. Yes, that's what I mean, "looks pretty." Suddenly, this dear little lady's husband dies—and business men do die off fast. She never looked into his book-case in all her life; consequently everything is left to strangers. Men enrich themselves in finding out the fact that he died "insolvent." The delicate little lady hides away, and groans, and shivers. What else can she do? Nothing, except to marry, if a chance presents itself, a man of means, and so "keep up style." But women can't marry just when they like, and as they like—any more than men can, and so, many times, she sits down in her faded silks and consoles herself with the thought, that, among all her misfortunes, God never cursed her with a "business" head. She keeps a cheap girl and chore boy, until the last penny is eked out, and then, what becomes of her? Sometimes one thing, and sometimes another. A business woman would have taken affairs up where her husband left off, "kept up the trade," "paddled her own canoe," and carried out her husband's plans almost to the very letter.

The "man with the moustache" needs a business wife who has capacity enough to comprehend the cost of his wines, cigars, and cards, and tact enough to earn or save from her allowance for family expenses, enough to meet that demand. With such a wife he may be enabled, all through life, to make a show of comfort.

Again, there are, now and then, men without any business habits whatever. Men who keep bread from moulding, and sit on dry goods boxes. Men who go out and come in—and, nothing more. These men must be maintained. A business woman can maintain such a man, and the world scarcely know how it is done. To leave that man and go home, with her nine children, would be exceedingly mortifying to the wife, as well as annoying to the old folks, to say nothing of the vast amount of gossiping

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somebody would have to do. So it's better that she splits the wood—at least until the oldest boy is big enough—but if he happens to be like his father, that will be bad again. For my part, if a woman earns the wood, I don't see the propriety of selecting the dear husband to purchase it. He, not having earned the money, may not know, as well as she, the worth of it. Again, some wood splits easier than other wood, and this is quite an item with a woman who splits wood—therefore, she ought to examine the load—go round on all sides. Whose business is it if she does? Again, there is the invalid husband; the dear choice of ones youth, prostrated for life by a lingering, wasting disease. He is a patient man, and kind; he would have thought it no toil, poor wife, to wear his life out to keep you from care and want; but misfortune has frustrated his plans. Whether is it better for you to settle down an indigent, disappointed being, thus shortening his life by the knowledge that you are miserable, or to arouse yourself for his support and comfort; and, so far as in you lies, lead him to think that the effort you make is but a pleasant pastime? If the case had been reversed, he would have made you think so; he is just that kind of a man—just as noble in his manhood, as he is helpless in his affliction.

Public sentiment ought to be changed on this one subject. I, for one, have ever done what I could, in the way of carrying a market basket through the street, if necessary, and more than once I have met the withering glance of my exquisite lady friend, all muffled and furred or hooded, accompanied by a boy with a wheelbarrow, tugging and sweating under the weight of a skein of silk, or the like, and which she had ordered "delivered." If there's a spot on earth where we need women with business heads, hearts, and hands, it is the home of the drunkard—and we have such homes, too many of them. In such a home we need a woman capable of carrying the purse, "and making things go a good ways." There's the good-natured, easy chap, who knows his weakness, and acknowledges it, but who cannot, for the life of him, resist a "treat," so long as the money holds out. He would be willing that his wife should collect his wages every Saturday night; and, with them, provide for the wants of the household. But she often makes as bad work as he does—which is bad enough. Want soon pinches the children and disheartens the wife, and "one of the best-hearted men in the world" goes down to ruin, and his family with him—all for want of a "manager" somewhere about the firm.

Under this head, let us look at the "ravenous" drunkard—one who flies "fighting mad" the moment the liquid fire touches his lips. A woman cannot, dare not, stay with such a man. It is not best she should, but whether she does or no, she needs something besides white hands, pretty teeth and a tapering waist. She needs a head, a business head. In fact, I never could see but women have just as much need for real live common sense as men have.

> Then let us still be pure, good and trusting—
> No harm to wish us just a trifle wiser!
> A woman, not a woman, is disgusting,
> But *independence* don't make me despise her.

THE *Catholic* having stated that no Catholic woman was a supporter of Woman's Rights, a lady writes from Detroit that she is a good Catholic, and yet defends the movement for Woman's Suffrage.

A VOICE FROM THE TEMPLE OF CLIO.*

LONG have I dwelt in the temple of Clio, daughter of Zeus,
Guardian of god-like deeds, whether wrought by one man, all triumphant
Or, in the march of an æon, evolved by the growth of a people,
Somewhat from her have I gathered, of races once shrouded in darkness,
Low as the beasts of the fields, without longing for beauty or goodness,
Races that rose, after years, to the fullness and glory of manhood,
Standing at last, unabashed, yea, ruling o'er populous nations.
Also from her have I learned how women have lain many ages
Blind and untaught, bound down to their husbands, as Helots to masters,
And, unto me, not just doth it seem to regard as inferior
Powers which yet are unknown, which no mortal hath ever developed,—
Nay, here I err; not unknown, unrevealed are the gifts of my sisters,;
Fair on the tablets of Clio shineth many a woman.
List! hear ye not from the past how they sound forth pæans exultant?
Loud from Assyria rolleth, defiant, Semiramis's war-cry;
Answer the clashing of shields in the gold-roofed temple of Belus,—
Calm, in the light of the fierce, Eastern sun, Deborah standeth,
Over her quiver the tremulous palm-boughs; lowly in worship
Bend all Judea's warriors, she off'ring their praise to Jehovah.
See in the Forum, undaunted by frowning Triumvirs, Hortensia
Pleadeth the cause of the maidens and matrons that gather around her;
Lo! through the gateway cometh the stately Venturia, staying
Coriolanus her son in his anger, and saving the city,
Hellas! thou nurser of heroes! thou *boastest* the name of a woman;
Thine, O Aspasia, that sattest serene mid the councils of statesmen,
Strength'ning by wisdom and friendship, e'en Pericles, first of Athenians,
Sappho, "violet-eyed," shall I pass thee, O dearest, unheeding?
Flow'd from thy lips songs, tender and sweet as caresses of mothers;
Far o'er the scorching, red sand-hills of Syria, glitters Palmyra;
Hot is the air of the desert, but cool with the plashing of fountains,
Spicy with breath of acacias, the gardens where walketh Zenobia,
Planning with Longinus schemes for opposing the will of Aurelian;
Rise, far-shining, O Pharos! and point to the home of Hypatia,
Prouder of her Alexandria, art thou, than of the prowess of princes,—
Why do I linger? Ye know all these women, and of have your spirits
Leaped at the sound of their names, as when war-horses hearken the clarion.
Dare as they dared. On! Work out, earnest-hearted, your mission,
Proud shall ye live through the future, reverenc'd ever by wise men.

L. BOTH-HENDRIKSEN.

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* Clio, daughter of Zeus and Mnemosyul. was the Muse of History.

A TYRANNICAL Massachusetts wife has been sentenced to two months' imprisonment for habitual ill-usage of her husband.

Poor fellow! I have no doubt his wife deserved her punishment. It is refreshing to see marital rights protected on either side of the house. Why didn't the court fine the poor woman $5 and costs, all of which should come out of the husband's pocket. This is the way justice is meted out to Patrick or Tom for wife-eating, and the money comes out of the hard earnings of the poor washwomen who have the *honor* of being their wives. ETNA.

WOMAN AS MOTHER AND EDUCATOR.

DEAR REVOLUTION: There is a wrong to us women which I have never seen stated, and which you evidently have overlooked in the long list of grievances; it is actually a great one; stings and bites like an adder the common sense and common affection of mothers. The taxation question is a civil injustice or legal denial of equality. The other faces Heaven as a gross insult to maternal instincts. A moral wrong. Woman bears, nurses, rears, watches over the cunning babe; it grows to innocent childhood; she still tends it, she washes it, she dresses it, she feeds it, puts it snugly in its crib, guards its sleeping infancy, until strong enough to stand around her chair, or higher than her knee in stature; she commences to think of his school days; she is poor, she must send her son or daugher to the public school; it is education free or no education at all. She sees blemishes and flaws, skeleton and whitened bones in many of our Ward Schools. She knows there is tedium; the over-tasked brains, the roughness, the harshness; yet, what is she but a woman; only a mother. She is an outsider; no part in the making of school laws or regulations; no vote in electing School Commissioners, or School Trustees, or Principals, or Teachers. Yet she gave birth to these children, flesh of her flesh, and bone of her bone; when feeble, weak, and puny, then she would be their keeper, their guardian angel. She took them in her arms, pressed them with a mother's devotion, she sung her lulabys during sleepless nights and pillowless rest. Constant affection, unweaned solicitude, now, when able to learn their A B C; to con the dingy dog-eared spelling book. Where is she to be classed in these hours of training? She rises not in the dignity of an interested party in the instruction of her children; the same demon of "holier than thou" stands before the school-door, bars her out to assume to be the judge and sole governor, sole legislator. The vote which would give her a voice in the matter, is the ballot of waste paper to her. Men harp or mothers should alone educate, when they debar these mothers from any interference, any suggestions, any interest in the election of school officers. Public schools should be the joint partnership of parents. What the less finer emotions of men will fail to regard important Archimedean levers in education, women, more refined in taste, more loving in nature, will perceive and carry out. I have been gazing with pleasure on an engraving *(Chimney Corner)* of Michael Angelo's master-painting of the Last Judgment, how many men will be pushed away down to the dark vaults that will contain all of human wrongs, for not following the Golden Rule.

Woman was never placed above man's head, or under his feet, by our Creator—but side by side—coequal on earth—coequal in heaven; as our Dominee says, "Not union, but unity." To-day we are going through the great valley of sighs—soon we shall sing the Song of Deliverance. The army moves on to battle; we may prepare for one sure victory—our certain conquest the knell tolls to the destruction of man's selfishness, the requiem over the dead body of solus rights is chanting. We were right glad to find the late convention at Washington a success. It is truly encouraging and most inspir-

iting to the daily workers for woman's freedom. Liberty! unfettered, unshackled, free as the birds to rest in their own green trees, or sit beside the rivulets of her own salvation. It is said, "when a woman wills, there is an end on it." We will to vote, we will to have it.

S. P. L.

THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT IN FAVOR OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

HON. JOS. S. WILSON, COMMISSIONER OF THE LAND OFFICE, ON THE WAR PATH.

DEAR REVOLUTION: I have the honor to enclose an extract from the report of the Hon. Jos. S. Wilson, Commissioner of the General Land Office, which may be of interest to you, and those who agree with you, on the question of woman's rights. Very respectfully,

GEO. W. MCLANE.

REPORT OF 1867, PAGE 80.—PRE-EMPTION RULING.

The question has been raised whether "an unmarried woman" over the age of twenty-one years, not the head of a family, has the right to pre-empt, on making proof of settlement and cultivation, as required by the pre-emption act of 1841.

The law extends the privilege to three classes, each having the qualification of citizenship, or having filed a declaration to that end.

1st. Every person being the head of a family.

2d. A widow.

3d. A single man over the age of twenty-one years.

The case presented not coming within the first or second class, the question arises whether it does fall within the third class, according to the spirit and intent of the statute.

In the opinion of all etymologists, the name designating our race is derived from the power or faculties of body and mind, and which man has been furnished by nature above all other animals.

The Anglo-Saxon word *mag-an*, means to be able and strong; this, by elision, naturally glides into the word "man" a generic term, applying to both sexes; the original Saxon from which the English word is derived having been used in a sense so comprehensive as to mean "mankind," man, woman, a vassal, also, any one; like the French "*on*" Gothic "manna"=the Hebrew meaning species or kind—"That's woman's ripe age, as full as thou art at one and twenty."

Understanding the terms of the law in their wider sense, *this office has decided that an unmarried or single woman over the age of twenty one years, not the head of a family, but able to meet all the requirements of the pre-emption law, has a right to claim its benefits.*

LIGHT FOR THE SOUTH.—Two earnest and strong women in Georgia are discussing the right of women to the ballot, in the Atlanta *Constitution*. The last letter in favor of the measure closes thus:

A few days ago, I offered, through this paper, to be one of ten to give $50, or one of twenty, to give $25 to obtain a course of lectures upon this subject, from some one who is recognized as one of its prominent exponents. Since then a banker of your city has promised to be another. Will you use your influence with your brother or husband to make him a third? I am sure "An Atlanta woman," like the one who writes this letter, which it stirs me to answer, can and will take the only attitude which can bring, as Goethe said, "Light, and more light, still."

EARNEST.

WOMAN IN WASHINGTON.

THE HEARING BEFORE THE CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE—AN HISTORICAL PICTURE.

Correspondence of the Hartford Courant.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22, 1870.

THE close of the Woman's Suffrage convention in this city was marked by an event, which, no matter how slowly its logical sequence is developed, must be regarded as initiative.

A committee of ladies appointed by the convention and composed in great part of those well known as leaders in the movement, was received at the Capitol by the committee of the Senate and House (on the District of Columbia) for a formal hearing. The object of that hearing was to request the honorable gentlemen to present a bill to Congress for enfranchising the women of the District, as an experiment preparatory to ultimate acknowledgment of equal rights for all the women of the United States.

The ladies were received in one of the larger committee rooms, in order to accommodate a number who wished to be present at this novel interview. After taking their seats, the Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, chairman, presented to them successively the gentlemen of the committee, who certainly greeted their fair appellants with the deferential courtesy due to fellow-sovereigns, albeit unacknowledged and disguised, for the present, under the odium of disfranchisement.

The gentlemen took their seats around a long table in the middle of the room. Mrs. Stanton stood at one end, serene and dignified. Behind her sat a large semi-circle of ladies, and close about her a group of her companions, who would have been remarkable anywhere for the intellectual refinement and elevated expression of their earnest faces. Opposite, at the other end of the table, sat Charles Sumner, looking fatigued and worn, but listening with alert attention. So these two veterans in the cause of freedom were fitly and suggestively brought face to face.

The scene was impressive. It was simple, grand, historic. Women have often appeared in history—noble, brilliant, heroic women; but *woman* collectively, impersonally, never until now. To-day, for the first time, she asks recognition in the commonwealth—not in virtue of hereditary noblesse—not for any excellence or achievement of individuals, but on the simple ground of her presence in the race, with the same rights, interests, responsibilities as man.

There was nothing in this gathering at the Capitol to touch the imagination with illusion, no ball-room splendor of light and fragrance and jewels, none of those graceful enchantments by which women have been content to reign through brief dynasties of beauty over briefer fealties of homage. The cool light of a winter morning, the bare walls of a committee room, the plain costumes of every day use, held the mind strictly to the simple facts which gave that group of representative men and women its moral significance, its severe but picturesque unity.

Some future artist, looking back for a memorable illustration of this period, will put this new "declaration of independence" upon canvas, and will ransack the land for portraits of those ladies who first spoke for their countrywomen at the Capitol, and of those Senators and Representatives who first gave them audience.

Mrs. Stanton's speech was brief and able, eloquent from the simplicity and earnestness of her heart, logical from the well disciplined vigor of her mind. She was followed by Miss Anthony, morally as inevitable and impersonal as a Greek chorus, but physically and intellectually individual, intense, original, full of humor and good nature—anything but the roaring lioness of newspaper reports some years ago.

Mrs. Davis, of Rhode Island, spoke briefly in support of the demand for franchise. Mrs. I. B. Hooker presented the scriptural argument for the equality of woman in all moral responsibility and duty under the divine law. She spoke very feelingly, and was heard with marked attention. A German lady, from Wisconsin, who, weighed in any balance, would not be found wanting, struggled to express, in broken English, the ideas for which she came forward as representing many of her countrywomen in the West. Madame Anneke fought by her husband's side in the revolution of 1848; but such an example adds no force to the argument for Woman's Suffrage, the plea being made, not for distinguished exceptional women, but for the average mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters of the community.

When the ladies had finished their remarks, the gentlemen were invited to ask any questions which were suggested by the subject discussed. Either from indifference or chivalrous sentiment, no very grave questions were proposed, nothing which required effort or argument to answer. Probably when the matter comes, as, sooner or later, it must come, before Congress, we shall hear some well-considered defence of the Salique law, which, in this democratic republic, excludes all women from the citizen's prerogative. One of the honorable gentlemen asked how they could be certain that any number of women in the United States desired the ballot. Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony recounted their experience at conventions, the numerous signatures to petitions, the many demonstrations here and in England in favor of Woman Suffrage, but reminded the gentleman that no such separate expression is required from the unwashed, unkempt immigrants upon whom the government makes haste to confer unqualified suffrage, nor from the southern negroes, who are provided for by the Fifteenth Amendment.

The hearing ended about noon, followed by very cordial shaking hands and pleasant chat. I do not know if the ladies were invited to "call again," but am quite sure that Miss Anthony's parting salutation has an "au revoir." There was some quiet by-play as the audience dispersed, a little interchange of knowing nods and condescending smiles, as if to say, "we can keep these absurd pretensions at bay while *we* live, and after us the deluge." I have no doubt that to some persons it appears an extravagant joke for women to aspire to political equality with the negro. King George thought it a very good joke when his upstart colonists steeped their tea in the salt water of Boston harbor, but the laugh was on the side of the colonists in the long run. History has no precedents for the elevation of woman to a civic status, but we are making precedents every day in our conduct of popular government.

In Athens—where woman was both worshipped and degraded, the protectress of their city was a feminine ideal whose glorious image crowned the Parthenon with consummate beauty. In America, where woman is beloved and respected as nowhere else in the world—if she is only true to the ideals of private and public virtue—if she seeks power only as a means for the highest good of the race, the old fable of the Pellas Athenæ may

become real, and the nation acknowledge with grateful joy, that the fathers "builded better than they knew," when they placed the figur of a woman on the dome of their Capitol at Washington. F.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND THE MARRIAGE RELATION.

To the Editor of the Hartford Courant:

I was absent from the state on and for some time after the 3d of January, and have but recently seen an editorial in your paper of that date, entitled "Woman Suffrage and the Marriage Relation." In that article you speak of loose notions of marriage and divorce being held by some prominent advocates of Woman Suffrage, and desire to know "whether or not the suffrage movement indispensably involves these liberal notions," and you say, "if it does, count us among its uncompromising enemies."

Among the leading advocates of Woman Suffrage in this country I know of no one who is at all prominent as an advocate of "easy divorce" except Mrs. Stanton. Some, I know, are strongly opposed to it. With her it is advocated as a means of securing the highest happiness and purity of the marriage relation, not sought as a means of license. She is a bold thinker, and speaks very fearlessly what she thinks, but she is a woman of great purity of character, and in the benevolence of a large heart and the speculations of an earnest mind, is trying to find the best way out of a great and acknowledged difficulty. I do not agree with her in her conclusions, but feel unwilling that she should be misjudged.

We will suppose, however, that both her views and her motives are of the worst kind; and for the purposes of this article, we will suppose that there are twenty prominent advocates of Woman Suffrage who occupy exactly her position. We will suppose also that there are twenty more who advocate free rum, and twenty more repudiation of our national debt. Now, if in these circumstances, an honest inquirer should come to me with the question whether woman suffrage indispensably involves free love, free rum, and repudiation, I should reply, "My dear sir, it does not indispensably involve anything but the *enfranchisement of women*. It is in this respect exactly like the enfranchisement of men. It involves the right of the voter to vote for just what he thinks he ought to vote for; but, as he may vote for one thing one year, and for directly the opposite thing the next year, his right to vote cannot be said indispensably to involve any particular thing whatever." If the inquirer should then ask me what I thought the *probable effect* of Woman Suffrage on free love, free rum, and repudiation would be, I should reply by saying, that I know of no way of determining how women will vote on any subject; but that we may presume, 1, That they will vote on the whole more conscientiously than men; 2, That they will incline, as a sex, toward virtue in every form, and especially will be interested in sustaining the family relation in its best condition; and 3, will, by their thinking (for they will make themselves more intelligent under the responsibility of the ballot), contribute essentially to the discussion and intelligent and wise settlement of the subjects upon which they act.

I should consider it enough, Mr. Editor, if I had convinced him that women would not vote any worse than men would; for if a person ought, on his own account, to have the right to vote, he ought to have it without reference to how he will vote.

But you will ask me, is it a fact of no significance that there are these twenty advocates of these different errors among the leading friends of Woman Suffrage? I reply, that the effect of this fact is precisely this and nothing more—namely, that when women come to vote, there will be twenty women who will advocate free love, twenty free rum, etc., and who, voting themselves, will gain as many adherents to their views as they are able; but what the effect upon the whole mass of women will be every one must judge for himself. I know of no better way than to look at our own wives and daughters and other women of our acquaintance, and judge as well as we can how they would probably act on these subjects. The fact that there are these twenty advocates of each of these different errors is absolutely infinitessimal as evidence of what the whole body of women will do. I can only say, that among the friends of Woman Suffrage whom I know, there are probably fifty who would favor a restriction of our divorce laws where there is one who would keep them as they are.

Nothing is more illogical than to conclude that a cause is bad because some of its friends advocate very bad errors. A cause cannot choose its advocates. It is open to everybody to speak and act for it who pleases. The anti-slavery reform in its early stages was denounced because many of its advocates were, in fact, or were supposed to be disbelievers in the authority of the Bible; but it is very easy to see that that reform had its own merits entirely independently of the theological views of its advocates; and those of us who were inside of that reform felt very strongly the injustice done to our cause by those who opposed it on that ground. We never conceded for a moment that that reform indispensably involved infidelity; yet there were ten advocates of it who were called infidels where there is one of Woman Suffrage who can be called, in any sense, an advocate of free love.

Let me illustrate the case in another way. If I am correctly informed Mrs. Stanton would be entirely satisfied with the divorce laws of Connecticut. Now these Connecticut statutes go further in allowing divorces than I should be willing to go. That clause which allows the granting of divorces for any cause that destroys the happiness of the marriage relation, is, I think, fraught with evil, and I have favored its repeal. And I have long advocated what I regarded as a more efficient check upon the granting of divorces, namely, a statute that shall require petitions for divorce to be continued in court one or two years (I prefer the latter), before the divorce shall be granted, with a decree of separation in the meantime if the court shall judge best. This would prevent hasty divorces, and would lead in a great majority of cases to the reconciliation of the parties, and especially would cut off all that class of divorce applications which grow out of a desire to get rid of one woman for the purpose of marrying another. The republican party has had a large majority in both houses of the legislature for many years. During that time I have repeatedly urged this view upon leading individuals of the party. I have in one case gone before a committee of the legislature to urge it. Governor Jewell in his message of last year, recommended a restriction of our divorce laws. An earnest and powerful appeal was made to the legislature last spring, by a large number of clergymen and other christian men for a still more radical reform. No effect was produced whatever by my efforts or by theirs, except the procuring last spring of the publication with the statutes of the state, of the act proposed by the christian gentlemen to whom I last referred.

Now let me ask, Mr. Editor, whether the republican party in this state is in favor of loose notions of the marriage relation? Or to use your own language, does Connecticut republicanism "indispensibly involve these loose notions of marriage and divorce." And if it does, are you willing with me, to be "counted among its uncompromising enemies?" I am. But I do not conclude from all this that Connecticut republicanism is quite so corrupt, and I propose to try it a little longer. Yet the evidence that the republican party favors this unwholesome state of things is tenfold greater than the evidence, or even any fair ground of suspicion, that the women of the country would favor it if they had the right to vote.

Let us see, Mr. Editor, how you treat an analogous state of facts in a similar relation to other subjects. In a recent editorial upon the scandalous conduct of the Rev. Mr. Cooke of New York, who gave us a most offensive illustration of free love in abandoning his wife and children and running away with one of the young girls of his parish, you say:—"We are not disposed to point any moral on this wretch's profession. *Religion or the profession of Christianity cannot suffer by his flagrant sin. The scandal is not to the church but to the man.*" And in a still more recent editorial in which you are commenting on the repudiation speeches of certain democratic members of Congress you say:—"When Mr. Voorhies got the floor he endeavored to pass the curse along, and claimed the fellowship of Thaddeus Stevens, Senators Morton and Sherman, and Gen. Butler for his doctrines of incipient or unqualified repudiation. To which, it seems to us, it must be very difficult for Messrs. Morton, Sherman and Butler to make an unequivocal reply. *But the republican party are not responsible for their peculiar views* nor do they ask it to be."

Without pursuing the illustration further, let me say in conclusion, that my firm conviction is that nothing will tend more to the purity and elevation of the marriage state than Woman Suffrage, involving as it does the enlargement of the mind of woman and her higher fitness for true companionship with her husband, while the relation will become more inviting to high-minded women, when they can enter into it on terms of perfect equality and with a full recognition of their individual character and rights. I believe that those who are fighting against it, are fighting not merely against God, but against that very domestic happiness which they think they are defending.

But, however this may be, it is just as absurd to talk of Woman Suffrage involving easy divorce and loose notions of marriage, as it is to talk of Woman Suffrage involving free rum, repudiation, or any other special political or social evil. It involves just what man suffrage involves, and no more. In each case suffrage involves what the voters, after full discussion, shall decide to be best and shall establish by their votes, and nothing more. So far as the aggregate of suffrage is affected by the accession of Woman Suffrage, the moral tone of the entire suffrage will, I am sure, be greatly raised, but the principles upon which it produces its various political effects will remain precisely the same.

J. Hooker.

The Revolution.

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OFFICE, 49 EAST TWENTY-THIRD ST., N. Y.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 17, 1870.

ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

THIS Association will hold its regular annual meeting in New York, beginning on Wednesday, the 11th of May, next, and continuing through Thursday and Friday.

The various Woman Suffrage Associations throughout this country, and the Old World, are invited to send delegates to this Convention prepared to report the progress of our movement in their respective localities. And, in order that this annual meeting may be the expression of the whole people, we ask every friend of Woman Suffrage to consider himself or herself personally invited to attend and take part in its proceedings.

With the political rights of woman secured in the Territories of Utah and Wyoming—with the agitation of the question in the various State Legislatures, with the proposition to strike the word "male" from the state constitution of Vermont—with New York, New England and the great West well organized, we are confident that our leading political parties will soon see that their own interest and the highest interests of the country require them to recognize our claim. The friends of Woman Suffrage must now concentrate their efforts for a Sixteenth Amendment to the Federal constitution.

The Executive Committee recommend the friends of Woman's Suffrage, everywhere, to concentrate their efforts upon the work of securing a Sixteenth Amendment to the Federal constitution that shall prohibit any state from disfranchising any of its citizens on account of sex. Therefore, we ask the delegates and friends to come to this May Anniversary with practical suggestions as to how this work shall be done.

Many of the ablest advocates of the cause—both men and women—will address the meetings. Names published hereafter.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Pres.
CHARLOTTE B. WILBOUR, Cor. Sec'y.
ERNESTINE L. ROSE, Chw'n Ex. Com.

REV. MRS. VAN COTT.—This talented and eloquent preacher has been laboring with her usual success in Chelsea, Mass., across Mystic river from Boston. The Mystic *Press*, of Chelsea, said last week of her:

Mrs. Van Cott, whose voice so many of our citizens have heard, and in whose preaching so much interest has been manifested, closed her labors at the Mt. Bellingham M. E. Church on Sunday evening, and has gone to Rockport to engage in similar work. During her stay a large number of persons—some say as many as three hundred—have been induced to join the church and at no time since the Mt. Bellingham Society was organized has more interest been shown in religion than at the present time.

THE PEABODY IDOLATRY.

WITH wasteful, shameful prodigality the people have been pouring out somebody's money in honor of one who, at the last great assizes, will be proved to have died in the most fearful bankruptcy imaginable. England may hope to balance her empty honors of his dead body against the Alabama claims, but with what scorn and loathing must she not regard us in imitating her hypocritical incense burning, when she knows that we have no reason for so doing, except his unnatural, his monstrous money-making successes? It is the boast of our nation, too, in his behalf, that he made the larger part of his wealth in the later years of his life. It is said farther, and doubtless with equal truth, that not only were all his sympathies with the South in the late rebellion, but that he made vast sums of his money *in that war*, wholly at the cost of his country. Evidently his own countrymen do not care to entertain the question of his patriotism. And the only answer yet given to the charge, that in his life he gave nothing to the poor about him is that what he did was intended rather to prevent poverty. And yet what can be truer than that to make one Peabody, requires the absolute beggary of thousands of honest, toiling men and women? What money did he ever earn or produce, of all his millions? But it was earned and produced by slow degrees at somebody's cost? What are his accursed heaps but the crystalized tears and sweat, aye, and blood, too, of southern slaves, northern factory operatives, storm-beaten sailors and toilers of every class and kind, faring hard, living lowly and poorly, dying at last unknown, unhonored and unmourned by the world! The southern lash and northern legislation, equally cruel and diabolical, were his instruments, his upper and nether millstone, between which he ground up humanity and devoured it like bread.

But these remarks grow out of space for these short columns. They were only intended to introduce the words of a true-hearted young American, now resident in England, as appeared in the *Post* one evening last week:

I was in London in October and November, 1861, having a letter of introduction from Edward Everett to Mr. Peabody. I was astonished and mortified to hear Mr. Peabody, in the course of a short conversation, indulge in such expressions as these: "I do not see how it can be settled, unless Mr. Davis gives up what Mr. Lincoln says he is fighting for—the forts the South has taken—and then separate;" "You can't carry on the war without coming over here for money, and you won't get a shilling!" "Harriet Beecher Stowe was over here, but I would not go to see her, though I was invited, and now she writes that this is *our war*. Such things don't go down over here."

I entered Mr. Peabody's office, feeling that I was bearing a kindly introduction from one of the noblest Americans at home to the noblest American abroad. I took my leave of Mr. Peabody pleasantly, and I made one other call upon him, but I could only regard him as recreant to his country in the time of her greatest need.

If Mr. Peabody addressed a young man, having no influence and no connection with political affairs, in such a strain, it is fair to assume that he stated his honest convictions.

I think it would have been much better had Mr. Peabody remained at last in America, and been quietly laid away among his friends. The English people are polite, but they are not so obtuse as not to discover that the hastening of Mr. Peabody across the Atlantic when at the point of death, was of "the ruling passion strong in death"—the love of notoriety.

I feel that the real position of Mr. Peabody should be known to the American people, and I would thank you to publish this letter, either with or without my signature, for I have abundant material with which to fortify my position. I remain very sincerely,

Your obedient servant, CHARLES WILSON FELT.

The *Post* seems to endorse most fully the statements of Mr. Felt, for it says, "but it should be known that when his country had need of the money of her rich citizens, he buttoned up his pockets and refused it." And again the *Post* says, "he gave largely, even in his lifetime, to public uses, and in his lifetime enjoyed the reputation which this munificence gave him. He took his pay on the spot. He was eminently prosperous and successful in the accumulation of money; he had no children to whom to leave it, and part of his princely fortune he bestowed while alive in such a manner that the whole world should hear of it, and the greater part of the rest after his death, in benefactions of the like notoriety.''

He was never known to favor one unpopular cause or progressive idea; and surely the women, as women, of his country and generation, have quite as little cause to honor his name and memory as had the southern slaves. P. P.

WOMAN'S IGNORANCE, WOMAN'S BLISS.

A MRS. RAYNE of Chicago, who seems a woman of heart and soul, and no way wanting in culture, writing in the Chicago *Tribune* on the mission of woman and kindred themes, speaks of "the blissful, happy ignorance of the outside world, which keeps home a sacred shrine."

To which Mrs. Jennie Hazen Lewis responds in the New York *Universe* to this effect:

"Blissful ignorance!" Ah! Mrs Rayne, it is very evident that you know but little of the *rough ways* of life. I knew a woman once—one of the mild-eyed, placid-browed type, who spent much time in creating "beautiful shapes," with tapering, fairy fingers, and who knew no more of the stern realities of life than did the humming-bird, who rifled the honey-suckle of its sweets. She lived in the sunshine, and it seemed as though the storms could never reach her, her husband held her so close, and warm; but death came suddenly one midnight, and in the morning her protector was not. There were two children, one an infant of a year, and the mother was scarcely less ignorant and helpless than they. She was in "blissful ignorance," of all her husband's affairs, so the *law* stepped in to settle the estate. She knew nothing of the quirks of law; never had read about the great circumlocution offices, nor the "sharks," nor the "barnacles." No! she was in "happy ignorance" of all! And so the *law* swindled her, and this man cheated her, and that man lied to her, and none of her friends among the women knew any more than she and so they were incompetent to advise her.

This woman waked up at last, to the fact that her handsome fortune was melting away like the April snow: but she knew no more how to set things right than did the baby boy who clung to her finger. So she sat down and wept, and wrung her hands, and cursed the law, and herself, and almost the tender, protecting husband who had done all he could to keep her in "blissful ignorance."

This account by Mrs. Lewis reminds me of a former friend, who was early left the widow of a flashy business man, that might have been supposed to be very wealthy by the show he put on, but, who dying, was found to be bankrupt. His wife, in her simplicity, had signed all his mortgages, so that not even the homestead exemption inured in her favor. She was a Boston belle and well and elegantly set up at her marriage in housekeeping, but before the grave of her husband was hardly closed, the house was filled with sheriffs, appraisers, retainers and all the harpies of the law, and her furniture, including piano forte, carpets, hearth rugs, silver ware, and all that could be seized, were found to be in some way pledged to the pitiless, remorseless creditors. The poor woman told me afterwards that she well remembered when a few years before a lecture was given on Wo-

men's Rights, she was a scoffer of the very idea, and held both lecture and lecturer in derision. "But," she added, "experience, though late, has made me wiser, and I do not think now that it is the duty of any wife to sign all the family property, house and all, her own private and personal goods with the rest, at the solicitation of any husband, however dear."

Doubtless her conclusion was just. For the husband's own sake and safety, it were better that the wife should at least own the homestead if nothing more. Whether her affliction in being thus stripped of everything in a single hour had anything to do with it, cannot now be known, but the poor woman herself and her only child soon followed the husband and father, and thus was the whole family blotted out forever!

Similar occurrences are shined upon by each returning sun. And many, a thousand times worse. But still the siren song is ever and everywhere sung to women,

Ignorance is your bliss, therefore 'tis folly to be wise.

P. P.

UTAH.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way," sang Bishop Berkley a hundred years ago, almost, and of *material* empire, it was then true. But now there is *Revolution*, and the empire of ideas comes sweeping back Eastward as on eagle's wing, the wing of the American eagle, still our "bird of Jove," but fledged with a new inspiration. Women as well as men are henceforth included in the Declaration of Independence. All men are created equal, and all women are the equal of all men. Utah has followed Wyoming. Both branches of the territorial legislature have enacted, and Governor *Mann* has signed the Bill, and it is now the law. Verily, there is a *Man* in that western Israel. Had the Lieut.-Governor of Kansas, presiding in the Senate, been such a man, instead of the substitute he has proved, the same law of justice and right might have been now well on the way in that state. The people there are ready for it. So are many of the most prominent public men, like Senators Pomeroy and Ross, ex-Governors Robinson and Root, Mr. Clark of the House of Representatives, Judge Bailey and others. Let that Lieut.-Governor (I am glad to have so soon forgotten his name) be henceforth marked and vetoed, especially by all intelligent and virtuous women in Kansas, when they come to the ballot, as come ere long they doubtless will; vetoed let him be a thousand times more effectively than was their right of suffrage by the temporary power of his casting vote.

P. P.

"Don't Want to Vote."—A few don't, probably, though they know not for what reason. But some women do; and all they ask of those who do not, is, that they will keep out of the way. But in Colorado the women do want to vote, and mean to vote, and will vote. The Denver *Tribune* said the other day, a couple of ladies circulated a petition in West Denver, and in a few hours obtained the willing names of *seventy* women who desire the right to vote. Of the whole number to whom it was presented, *only two refused* to sign it for any reason or cause—all signed freely and willingly and thanked the ladies who presented it for the privilege thus offered. It was circulated in East Denver afterwards, and has undoubtedly received a large number of signatures.

Just Rebuke.—The Boston newspapers as well as many in other places, have severely but suitably rebuked the singular vulgarity of behavior of the recent Boston meetings towards Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony. The *Investigator* thus pronounces upon it:

> We are sorry to see a spirit of division or party exhibited where unity and concert of action alone should prevail. Thus Miss Susan B. Anthony, one of the ablest and the oldest advocates of the cause, in her speech made an apology for speaking, by saying she was an "interloper;" and when a call was made for Mrs. Stanton, she was not permitted to speak at all, for the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, who was in the chair, immediately adjourned the meeting. It was shabby treatment of a very worthy lady. Mrs. Stanton is the best speaker the cause can boast of, and probably its most intellectual and efficient supporter, and it was small business in the Rev. Mr. Clarke and all others in sympathy with him to deny her a hearing. The Woman's Rights party is right, we think, in principle: but it never will commend itself to a liberal public by being aristocratic, exclusive and bigoted.

Mrs. Stanton, it seems, was "called" by the meeting to speak, but was not permitted, the Reverend Chairman adjourning the meeting at the moment it was calling a favorite and well-known speaker to the platform. Other journals have before referred to the same outrage in befitting terms. Well, if Boston can afford such infliction, those who suffer from it certainly can. The people evidently were with Mrs. Stanton, but the pompous platform petrified into a pulpit, was determined she should not be heard.

P. P.

A Colored Female Law Student.—The people of color are determined to win. And win they will. And so will women, colored women, even! Already this long proscribed race is wringing plaudits from the most obdurate of their old tyrants, owners and oppressors. If the wonder is that the white race with all its advantages produces so few eminent men and women, it is no less a wonder that our colored population produce so many, under all their disabilities and privations. And the colored people are now aspiring to fill the highest posts, and to fill them legitimately, by honest, well-earned merit. A young colored woman of this city, Charlotte E. Ray, daughter of the Rev. Charles B. Ray, long and well known in New York, has entered the Howard University at Washington, D. C., as a student of law—she being the first colored female to engage in legal studies. She has taste and talent for the profession, and her personal friends and the friends of her race need have no fear of her progress and success as a student of law.

P. P.

Schuyler County.—Mrs. Louise Holden Dent, late of Elmira Female College, has removed to Watkins, Schuyler County, in this state and has been appointed Vice-President of that county and district by the State Woman Suffrage Association. Mrs. Dent has been long known as an earnest and effective worker in the cause of Woman Suffrage, and, it is said, will soon organize a county association in Schuyler. Two or three winters ago Frere's Hall in Watkins was generously tendered by its proprietor to Bessie Bisbee and another, for two or three meetings; and other most liberal hospitalities were also extended, not yet forgotten by the recipients. It is to be hoped Mrs. Dent will be met there in the same cordial and friendly spirit.

Defeated.—Woman Suffrage in Colorado—but by no fault of the Governor, nor of his excellent wife.

Editorial Correspondence.

Richmond, Va., Jan. 27, 1870.

Dear Revolution: Leaving Washington early on Tuesday morning after the Convention, we found ourselves in Richmond at about half-past two in the afternoon. Looking over the advertised list of hotels, we selected Ford's, which is most delightfully located on the northeast side of the Capitol grounds, and is a very pleasant, quiet, home-like place, where ladies travelling alone are kindly cared for and made to feel as guests rather than strangers.

We observed, as we drove along, vast crowds of colored people gathered in the Capitol grounds, and inquired of the stately negress who received us what the demonstration meant? "Oh, mum, they's celebrating Virginia's going back inter the Union—they have fired a hundred guns, and I hope it 'll be all right now." Immediately after dinner, we went out and mingled in the crowd, listening to the speeches and asking questions. The negroes are not an inflammable race, otherwise some of the speeches might have roused a tempest among them, but there they stood till dark, and then quietly dispersed. It is not safe to play with the passions of any people, to harp perpetually on their past wrongs, and to claim for them rights superior to others, because of these wrongs; it will work mischief eventually. We asked several what they were there for? "Well, 'spose its a political meetin' some sort—don't know rightly what it's all about." One old woman said, "It's to pass resolutions to get Old 'Ginia back inter the Union." This was about the most intelligent answer we received.

After listening and watching a while we wandered away to Crawford's equestrian statue of Washington, the finest work in bronze in this country, so far as we have seen; the horse and rider are alike instinct with life, motion and grace. In gazing, one can scarce believe that the word of command will not come thundering down upon us, and that we must not clear the way for the noble charger. Below stand Henry, Jefferson, Mason, Lewis, Marshall and Nelson; still lower are symbolic figures in copper bronze. Revolution is seated upon a cannon; cannon are to the right and left of her, shields, spears and a flag form the back ground. Her expression is sad, almost stern, as she points with the forefinger of the left hand to the unsheathed sword in her right. Above and behind this stands Patrick Henry with his massive face, his hands outstretched, in one a sheathed sword and scroll dated 1775. His mouth looks ready to utter the cry, "Give me liberty or give me death." Next comes Colonial Times, the face piquant, the figure erect, the head crowned, an axe in one hand, a quill in the other, sandalled feet, and graceful drapery; above and back of this is the noble figure of Lewis, an Indian chief of the olden type. Next comes Justice, sitting erect, with the scales in one hand, a sword in the other, an expression both in the draping and the face of severe simplicity. Back of this figure is Marshall, with the laws, calm and majestic, but a little stiff in attitude. Then comes Finance, erect and self-poised, with her ledgers all in order resting on her knee and held firmly with her right hand, while with her left she is holding coin over the cap of liberty by her side, ready to drop it in; back of her is the stately figure of Nelson with lace frills on wrists and bosom, and a roll of state bonds in his right hand. Next comes Independence,

with her inspired expression of faith and hope grasping a broken chain in her right hand and pointing to the cannon below. Back of this figure stands Jefferson with his ponderous brow, a quill and parchment in his hand. Then comes the Bill of Rights, unfolding her scroll, she lays it over her lap and crosses it with a drawn sword, indicating its defence. Behind this figure stands Mason, with pen and manuscript, easy and graceful in posture—we should say he has the instincts of a gentleman—and so pass him by. Are not all these symbolic figures of women prophesies of the future, when woman shall indeed administer justice, have a voice in her finance and her bill of rights?

We could not but rejoice that this beautiful group of statues, of which any city might well be proud, has escaped the ravages of war. The statue of Henry Clay, of white marble, further down the hill, had grown gray and soiled, and been shamefully mutilated—poor old man and the idol of the nation, why could they not leave him his fingers, his collar and coat-skirt?

In the evening, in answer to our card sent our friends, Mr. and Mrs. B. called. They were enthusiastic about the convention in Washington, and very desirous of a meeting in Richmond, but a little diffident about moving in it. We thought it not best to attempt a public meeting, but promised to dine with them. At the hour the carriage came, and we were pleasantly welcomed by the lovely little girls of our hostess, Pearl and Ruby, a pretty fancy to give them names so very precious. We found that Mrs. B. had invited a number to meet us; and talk on the great question we must. One after another dropped in till the parlors were quite alive, when Mr. W., rector of one of the churches, asked if this movement commenced with Anna Dickinson? We then gave the history of the movement, laid down the principles of action and recommended them to invite Mrs. Stanton to give them "Our Girls," and after that the Sixteenth Amendment. The "gate is ajar" for her, if she has the time to enter and take possession of the field.

We shall not soon forget the delightful evening passed with a lady who returned to our hotel with us, the most briliant woman we have met for years. Thoroughly posted in literature, history, and politics, one of the very few who has studied the Madison papers, and has Jefferson's works all at command. Stately as a Juno, graceful and queenly, wise and witty, we were put to our mettle to hold our way with her.

We urged her to join our ranks, and found that she was ready for educated suffrage—that all women taxed should have the ballot. But should she come to our annual meeting, next spring, we shall not be surprised to find her not only talking eloquently in private, but in public also. Could such a woman, with all her powers in full training, be induced to take the lecturing field, she might reach the whole south and do incalculable good.

Our work is certainly not to end with suffrage, nor is it to be narrowed to that alone. It must take in the elevation of humanity. The ballot is but a point, the nearest attainable, and to be used as a means for the other.

The hearing before the Committees of House and Senate has been very respectfully mentioned in the papers, not only in Richmond, but in Charleston also, and some of the letters published which were read at the convention. Our next will give a few Charleston items.

Adieu, P. W. D.

COLORADO.

Not only has Wyoming by legislative enactment given Suffrage to its women, but her neighbor, Colorado, is debating the same question in her legislative halls. The Governor, in his message, advised the extension of Suffrage to the women of that territory, and the Territorial Council appointed a special committee to consider this advice. The chairman of this committee, the Hon. Amos Steck, reported at length in its favor. He especially reviewed the objections brought against Woman Suffrage, showing they were mainly assumptions on the part of those holding power, and not in accordance with the progressive spirit of the times, but having their foundation in the spirit of selfish restriction and a blind disregard of moral principles.

The subject also came up for debate in the Territorial House: Mr. E. A. Lea, speaking in its favor, and Mr. M. S. Taylor against the proposed measure.

Mr. Lea deemed the objections brought up to have quibbling, untenable foundations. Woman has been recognized as a fit adviser in all relations of life, and her superiority in philanthropic, educational and religious efforts is undeniably acknowledged. In every place where good was to be done, woman stood first, and what is more, had never shown herself unworthy of any place to which she had been admitted by social or statute regulations. He referred to the ballot as an incentive of thought and consequent developer of the reasoning faculties, and pertinently asked why woman should be deprived of the power of raising herself to a higher place. Referred to those communities which had been most forward in removing restrictions on woman as being the farthest advanced in general intelligence, temperance and morality.

In striking contrast to the statesmen-like views of Mr. Lea, was the speech of Mr. M. S. Taylor, who asserted it was the *best looking members of the House* who favored the measure, and as he never saw anything pleasant in the glass, that fact would cause him to oppose the bill.

This strong argument against looking-glasses loses its point unless we are to consider the honorable council as divided into Beauty and Beast sections, of which latter part Mr. Taylor is the chosen representative. For the life of me I cannot tell why, but a parody on certain familiar lines *will* come into my mind.

> Goosey, goosey gander, where shall I wander?
> Up stairs and down stairs in the council chamber,
> Where sits M. S. Taylor snuffing up his nose,
> Looking in the glass, preparing to oppose.

His first objection, as above stated, seems meant as playful satire, for soon comes what he evidently deems the strong meat of the occasion, for he assures us he has another objection to make, which is a "serious objection." "The bill would give *negro wenches* the right to vote." "Did they ever think of that?" he pathetically continues. Negro wenches! And still farther presenting his serious objection, he says, "Do they know they are placing negro wenches on an equality with their wives, sisters, mothers and daughters?"

O Tempora, O mores! Can we stand this?

Being on an equality with negro women now, in our equal deprivation with them of suffrage, we have hopes we could survive an equality with them in the ballot.

But Mr. Taylor having delivered himself of his pathetic plaint over "negro wenches," still farther elucidates his opinions, claiming that this government of the United States should be a white *man's* government. White women, negro men and negro wenches, are by him pushed back to one common level,

We, the M. S. Taylors of this country, are to be its aristocratic governors. *You*, women and niggers, are to forever sit at our feet and humbly pick up the legislative crumbs we let fall for your benefit.

To more clearly show the superior wisdom which dwells in the hearts of our male, divinely appointed rulers, I will give one more quotation from the honorable Mr. Taylor's speech:

"Is it right then," he says, "to allow a foreigner—and when I say foreigner I mean *negro wenches*—to have the same voice in the government of the Territory that *we* have?"

> Hey diddle, diddle, the cat's in the fiddle,
> The cow jumped over the moon;
> The little dog laughed to see the craft,
> And the dish ran away with the spoon.

M. E. J. G.

Death of Judge Hay.—Hon. William Hay dropped dead in Saratoga as he was entering church last Sunday evening. He was about eighty years of age, and well known in former years as a leading member of the bar. He was among the earliest and most earnest supporters of Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony in their labors for the elevation and enfranchisement of woman.

Women as Journalists.—The Orleans (N. Y.) *Republican* is now owned and conducted by Mrs. Beach, widow of the late C. G. Beach, Esq., the former proprietor. The *National Union* of South Bend, Indiana, is edited by Ed. and Emma F. Molloy. Both papers have been of the Democratic party in the past, but with women at the helm, and such women as these appear to be, they will soon overleap all party trammels and espouse a democracy that knows no distinction in human rights on account of sex.

Woman as Inventor.—According to Mrs. Dall of Boston, a good authority, Madame Breton patented a system of artificial nourishment for infants in use in France as late as 1830. Madame Ducondray, born in Paris, 1712, was the first lecturer who used a manikin, which she herself invented and perfected. Physicians persist in ignoring this fact, although it was publicly approved by the French Academy of Surgeons, December 1, 1758.

Morandi, born in Bologna in 1716, and Beheron, born in Paris in 1730, invented and perfected the use of wax preparations to represent diseases. Beheron's collection was purchased by Catharine II. of Russia, and went to St. Petersburg. Hunter acknowledged his obligations to her. Morandi's collection at Bologna was visited and purchased by Joseph II. She was professor of anatomy at the University. Lady Mary Wortley Montague introduced inoculation into Europe in 1721, and the intelligent observations of a farmer's wife led Dr. Jenner to his experiments with vaccine matter.

Miss Caroline V. Hutchings has been appointed teacher of vocalization and chorus-singer in the Normal and High School of this city, at a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year. Miss Hutchings is said to be the first woman ever commissioned to wield the baton of leadership at the head of an orchestra; an achievement of which she, and women generally, may well be proud.

ORTHODOX ILLIBERALITY.

THE Boston correspondence of the *Christian Intelligencer* "comes down" upon some liberal ministers in the following style:

There is a call circulating for a State Woman's Suffrage Society. Among the names of Orthodox ministers appended, are those of *Murray* of Park Street Church, and *Manning* of the Old South, in this city. How far pastors can safely mingle with such things is a question. Certainly they gain no influence among the more thoughtful, devout christians. If the brethren would spend themselves "fully" in their own parishes, many who now remain without pastoral supervision and help, would be pleased. Ministers sometimes talk of "inability" to do pastoral work and other things "faithful men" of old did, but we hear of them at all sorts of places and meetings. We know that "conventions" offer "splendid inducements" for ministers to be present, and they repay them for "labors of love" by resolutions, puffs of their *independence* of spirit and *progressiveness*, etc., etc. But the *pastor* has duties among his own people that are quite enough for strength and compensation.

What a series of unwarrantable assumptions there are contained in this brief paragraph! In the first place, how does the writer know that ministers who are willing to espouse the cause of this great reform, do not "gain influence among the more thoughtful, devout christians?" As a great portion of the people thus designated are women, it is fair to suppose that any man who sustains an effort for justice to their sex, will increase rather than diminish his influence with christian women. Then, is there any proof that these especial ministers complain of "inability to do pastoral work," or that they do not "spend themselves fully in their own parishes?" One of the most absurd charges brought up by the antagonists of Woman Suffrage is, that it takes time from other duties to advocate it. Now this is foolish in two ways: first, the ministers and other occasional speakers in the cause, give no more time to it than they would be considered justified in bestowing on a lecture or temperance meeting; then, if it does occupy their time, how better can time be occupied than in maintaining the cause of the oppressed and advocating a noble reform?

There is no aspect of the opposition to Woman Suffrage more painful to a christian woman than to find the church in any of its branches opposed to it. The old argument that the cause was advocated by infidels, fails entirely with such women as Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis, and Mrs. Lucretia Mott among its leaders, and the great number of religious women who are claiming for themselves and their daughters only the humble right of using their influence for good through the ballot-box, are deeply wounded and hurt by this opposition on the part of good men, whom they have heretofore regarded as champions of the right.

Where, we may ask, would the christian religion be without women? Who fill up the churches, who sustain the ministry, who toil, "in season and out of season," for the cause of Christ? Not certainly busy, self-absorbed, indifferent man, but patient, devoted, unselfish woman. And now, when she asks for a wider sphere of usefulness, for better opportunities to use her influence for the advancement of morality and the spread of Christ's church on the earth, this denunciation and opposition come with ill grace from those who owe us so much.

L. D. B.

AT the funeral of Miss Hattie S. Putnam, at Chester (Vt.), six young ladies, appropriately dressed for the occasion, acted as pall-bearers, and sang a dirge at the grave.

WOMEN AND THE PHILADELPHIA UNIVERSITY.

DEAR REVOLUTION: The Professor of Surgery in the Hygeo-Therapeutic College of this place wrote to Prof. Paine, the Dean of Philadelphia University, asking permission to bring our class of students, both ladies and gentlemen, into their Clinics. His request was granted; notwithstanding the rude manner in which the students of *another* University had treated the students of the Female Medical College, in that place, a short time before. Accordingly, on Saturday, Jan. 22d, between forty and fifty went down to the University; were taken through the museum, dissecting-room, and then to the Clinical Hall, where we listened, for two hours, to a lecture by Prof. Paine. About a dozen cases were examined, prescribed for, and some of them treated, in our presence. *This University had never admitted a woman inside its walls before to gain information.* We say, three cheers for Prof. Paine and Philadelphia University. One other feature might seem remarkably strange, to Fashion's maniacs, which was this: out of the twenty-five ladies, among the students, twenty-three of them wore the "Reform Dress," a dress that is usually worn here, and were treated very courteously by professors and students; although the city papers are all ablaze with scandal about our appearance.

It is often said that the agitation of the Equal Rights question would do no good, but harm, and that continually. It seems to me, that persons saying *such things* must be *blind*, or else they *will not* see; for, just look at the doors opening, on every hand, already, to admit women, both in literary and medical institutions? May our wise Creator speed the emancipation of *every* class of human beings, from whatever bondage they may have been subject to.

Then, and not till then, shall we be, in reality, a race of FREEMEN. C. D. ELLIS.

Florence Heights, New Jersey.

THE CALIFORNIA SUFFRAGE CONVENTION.—Most unaccountably the San Francisco *Pioneer* has disappeared from our office, before we had even read, still less prepared, for THE REVOLUTION the proceedings of the late Suffrage Convention for California, held in San Francisco, and one of the largest, most interesting and most important ever held on the American continent. Another copy of the *Pioneer* has been sent for, and so our readers will not be hopelessly disappointed.

GREAT MEETING IN EDINBURGH.—We are indebted to Mrs. Moore, Miss Becker and other British friends for newspapers containing whole solid page reports of the great Woman Suffrage meeting lately held in Edinburgh; but as our invaluable English correspondent furnishes of such intelligence exactly what readers of THE REVOLUTION need, and always approve and admire, we have pretty much left this work in her hands.

LABOR REFORM IN THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.—It is said the Labor Reform members of the Massachusetts legislature have determined to have nothing to do with Woman Suffrage while they hold their places. Very well. The women can get on equally well without them, and hereafter, when they get the Suffrage, will doubtless return the compliment by having as little to do with them.

THE NEW YORK CITY AND COUNTY WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION, met in No. 26 Cooper Institute, on Saturday, Feb. 12th. Mrs. Wilbour, the President, read a paper upon the want of balance in the family, in society, and in the government. The meeting voted Mrs. Wilbour should repeat the paper. Miss Norris, the young, gifted elocutionist, was present, and complied with the request to give a recitation. At the age of eighteen Miss Norris desired to enter upon the study of law, with a view to making it a profession, but she learned to her disappointment that women were not admitted to the New York bar. Discouraged in that profession, but nevertheless true to her womanhood, she determined to be something of and for *herself*. Her genius has led her to choose the theatrical. She has a fine, keen, intellectual perception of character, and if her shades of feeling, and expression, are not too delicate to be appreciated by a promiscuous audience, she will succeed in her artistic work.

Miss Anthony gave a very interesting account of three young women she saw a few days before in a collar laundry in Troy; the identical three who led and sustained the long strike of last summer. The details Miss Anthony gave deserve more space and accuracy than we can command now. Mr. Steele, an employer of girls, made some interesting statements of his observations of girls as workers, as compared with boys. Girls, he said, do not aspire to be capitalists, as boys do. Mrs. Halleck, Mr. Poole, Mrs. Blake and others spoke during the meeting. The Secretary, Treasurer, and the Executive Committee reported, this being the regular monthly meeting of the Association.

The Executive Committee, through Mrs. Halleck, announced that from the date of that meeting, the public meetings would be held monthly, on the first Friday in each month, in Room 24 Cooper Institute.

She also gave notice that weekly meetings (without reporters) would be held in private residences. The first private meeting would be on Friday, Feb. 18th, at Mrs. Halleck's, 140 East 15th street.

MRS. EMMA MOLLOY.—Besides editing her paper, the South Bend (Ind.) *National Union*, Mrs. Molloy seems to be doing a good deal at lecturing in her neighborhood. The St. Joseph Valley *Register* says of her lecture there, "that she first pictured what woman's sphere is now, and then gave her views of what it should be, and ere long will be, and 'filled in' with many good hits and happy illustrations, and closed with some excellent advice to her sex, especially her old friends and acquaintances. The lecture was well attended and well delivered, and received the praise of all who heard it." The *Union* speaks of her lectures in other places also, and from all that appears she must be a good deal better democrat than the average of her party.

"UP BROADWAY AND SEQUEL"—By Eleanor Kirk. Readers of last year's REVOLUTION will remember the first part. The "Sequel," or part second, is certainly in every way its equal and in many respects superior. The whole is pictures of real life, actual, living New York experiences every day and every night; the book itself being based on actual facts. It has just been issued by Carleton, Madison Square, in a handsome volume of 270 pages. Copies can also be had at the Woman's Bureau, 49 E. 23d. st. Price $1.50. A more extended notice next week.

A VISION OF 1900.

Our coworkers are to be found in every field, and the good seed sown twenty years ago is already coming up an hundred fold. Among our later auxiliaries is "A Hunker," whose epistles have run through several numbers of the Troy *Times*, and who, in a manner at once ironically conservative and historically correct, has been setting right the world at large, on many philanthropic and reform movements of the ages. In painting character, and in prophetic vision, he is especially felicitous.

His twelfth letter in the paper above referred to is a vision of the year 1900, and we preserve it here in order that our friends, thirty years hence, may look back from its fulfillment and see how truly our "young men saw visions and our old men dreamed dreams."

In justice to ourselves, we must say that E. H. G. Clarke (A Hunker) is Vice-President of Rensselaer County in the New York State Woman Suffrage Association, and we beg him to continue in his good epistolary work till all sham is forever done away.

Not ourselves alone, but many other papers, are recognizing his power in the plan he has laid out for himself.

A HUNKER'S EPISTLES.

(HISTORICAL, PERSONAL, AND CRITICAL.)

XII.

A. D. 1900—A NIGHTMARE.

I am a solid man, and I sleep like a log. From 10 p.m. to 7 a.m. I know nothing whatever; and Mrs. Hunker once remarked, in a sarcastic moment, that from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m. she considered my condition pretty nearly unchanged. As a rule, I never dream; but as an exception, I did dream, last night, as if I had been a Radical on the Island of Patmos.

Morpheus sat on me, thus:

I fancied 't was morning in Hunkerville, and after breakfast. I started out to collect some rents in advance, of two or three of my tenants, who were honest and had always paid promptly, but who had just been taken sick, and so might ask for a little delay. I grant no delay in such cases.

My own mansion is on Taney avenue, which I named twelve years ago, in honor of the Constitution as it was.

I hurried out of Taney avenue, and turned into Seymour street, which leads to the Hunkerville market. Here meat and vegetables are sold on one floor of the building, and on the floor above the white males of the town have always cast their enlightened suffrage. On election-days, the place is filled with patriotic clouds of tobacco-smoke, and not to slip on the juicy floor is a manly exercise. I have seen many a Conservative ticket victorious there.

But now, as I neared the spot, no sign of the market was left. Marble walls towered up before me like a temple of the gods. Here was a palace in the centre of a park. Men and women were walking in and out, or were sitting in the shade of the trees, and children were frisking about in play. I perceived, however, that the place had not wholly changed its uses. The people who were entering the building had small slips of paper in their hands, and I thought they were going to vote.

And what a mixed company was that which gathered towards the polls! "Oh, where is Tweed?" I exclaimed, in bitterness of soul; for I saw that the Fifteenth Amendment prevailed in Hunkerville, and the American-African was one of the citizens. "Oh, where are Greeley and Bushnell and Fulton?" I exclaimed again; for I saw that the Sixteenth Amendment had passed also, and every weaker vessel had a ballot in her hand. I asked these questions, but received little information. Methought that echo answered "Where!" in one of the ironical tones of Mrs. Samantha Hunker.

It nearly woke me up. But I sweetly slept again, and was presently walking up the main pathway of the park, to that palatial edifice in the centre.

Marble statues, larger than life, looked down on me from each side of this pathway. I inspected them carefully as I went along, and wondered if the founder of Hunkerville was represented among them. But I didn't see him.

No; Thomas Jefferson was the first gentleman in white stone; and under him, on the pedestal, I saw the old glittering generality, asserting "freedom and equality." Washington stood opposite, in Continental uniform, as the Soldier of the Revolution sustaining the statesman.

Next, I supposed I should see Andrew Jackson, with this handwriting on his pedestal: "To the victors belong the spoils." But Jackson was omitted. I looked at the second statue a long time. It represented a man rather short, a little stout, with a big nose, calm face, and fearfully bald head. "My God," said I "that's Garrison;" and I should have blasphemed in the same way, if I had been awake.

Garrison, however, was not alone. Beside him was a taller statue, with the finest Roman head in the modern world. I tried to think it Calhoun, but I knew it was Wendell Phillips, and methought I swore once again, louder than before.

Then I looked opposite these idealists, as I had done when I saw Jefferson. There, on the other side of the pathway, stood John Brown and Abraham Lincoln.

I gave one more glance along the line of statues, and saw not only men upraised in marble, but women also. Lucrecia Mott was there, and Susan B. Anthony. I beheld even Harriet Beecher Stowe, with one foot on a broken chain, and the other on an unmasked hypocrite. But for fear I should behold Grant and Stanton, and Anna Dickinson, I covered my eyes with both hands, and went by the rest of the figures blind.

And now a pretty girl of twenty stepped up to my elbow, and asked if I had voted. "If not," said she, "may I give you the ballot you want?"

"Certainly, my dear," I answered; "a straight Democratic ticket—Hoffman for President and Beauregard for Vice-President."

She looked at me with amazement, and laughed aloud. "Hoffman, Hoffman," she repeated; "why, he lived in 1870, and was Governor of New York. Nobody has voted for such people in twenty-five years."

At this information I am sure I groaned aloud, and it was the duty of my wife to wake me up. Would that she had done so!

I turned to the rosy female with ballots, and asked her where I was. I assured her that if this was heaven, a mistake had been made in my case, but I would thank her for a large block of golden pavement at once, to sit on, and a golden crown as heavy as my head could bear.

"Ah," said she, "I perceive that you are one of the very few who yet try to ridicule the world's progress. You ask where you are, and now that I look closely, you *do* look a little like a stranger. This, sir, is the city of Samantha, which was once called Hunkerville. It was founded by Adam Hunker, who died thirty years ago. But he was a very mean man, and the name has been changed by a unanimous vote, to commemorate the wisdom and beneficence of his wife."

"The d—l it has, I ejaculated; "and has *everything* been changed? What has become of Taney avenue and Seymour street?"

"They still remain," she replied. "Some names are useful as warnings, and 'twas thought best to let those two stand as they were."

"And what is this marble palace?" I asked, "which so many men and women are constantly entering, arm in arm, and directly leaving again?"

"Why that," said the damsel with tickets, "is the one ornament and pride of the city. To-day the citizens vote within its walls. On other days, it is the people's school and college."

Now I began to comprehend my situation, and I felt, indeed, that I must have been dead for thirty years. This building, then, was the symbol of Democracy in the twentieth century, and I was there. The ballot had become a sacrament, dispensed in a beautiful temple. The vote was the last degree taken, as the boys and girls were graduated from school. There was no pulling nor hauling, and never a sign of repeating. The manners of the parlor had gone to the polls, with the men who went there with their wives and daughters. There was a boquet of flowers on every ballot-box, and two rows of marble statues on the way up to it.

Yet I felt that here was no place for me, and I longed for the scenery of 1860. "Farewell," said I to the damsel of ballots; "I am a Constitutional Democrat, and I want to go home to Hunkerville as it was. Besides, I left some money there."

At this last remembrance, I made a desperate effort to leave, and the nightmare was unhitched from me. I turned over and rolled out of bed.

My head is in six plasters, one of my eyes is shut, and I have broken an arm. 'Tis hard to leave my property to another, but I fear I shall die. My Epistles, at least, must be suspended, till my aged frame can mend. A. Hunker.

Hunkerville, Jan. 25, 1870.

The Bellevue Hospital Outrages—The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* thinks, and so does The Revolution, that New York can no longer boast over Philadelphia in point of civilization. It will take both cities whole years of decent behavior to retrieve what has been lost by a few foolish and ill-bred young men, not one in ten of whom will ever attain to any distinction as a physician, and many of whom will doubtless live and die a disgrace to the profession should they attempt to in continue it.

Missouri School Law.—It will, if amended as now proposed (and it probably will be), permit women to vote on questions pertaining to the schools. Utah does better than that. Women are to vote there equally with their husbands, or husband.

The Citizen and Round Table.—It has found one woman of whom it can speak decently, and that one is Eleanor Kirk. It had better keep out of her sunshine though, whenever she walks "Up Broadway."

SUFFRAGE IN NEVADA.

WHO OPPOSE IT.

DEAR REVOLUTION: The question of Woman's Suffrage will be presented to the citizens of Nevada for their decision in a little less than a year from now. I entertain strong hopes of its adoption, though the condition of the state—the distances between the towns and settlements, the expense and hardship of travel, all journeying, with few exceptions, being done by stage, over mountain and desert roads covered in summer with alkali dust, and in winter with snow—render anything like organized effort, if not impossible, at least impracticable. Our hopes must depend for success on the use made by each of us of the columns of our local press and of whatever social influence we may possess. Fortunately, our editors are generally liberal. Few of them offer much opposition to Woman's Suffrage, and all or most of them are perfectly willing to publish our writings for its advancement. The *Territorial Enterprise*, an excellent journal and the most prominent in the state, expresses no doubt whatever of our obtaining suffrage at the coming election. We will owe a great deal to the intelligence of our enterprising prospectors and miners. In the minds of those who do not know them, they are associated with ordinary manual laborers, but they are vastly in advance of them. The miners and prospectors that to so large an extent make up the population of these Pacific mining regions are, many of them, from among the most enlightened communities and the most refined families of the Eastern states, and have themselves a degree of knowledge and an activity of thought such as their coarse clothes and hard occupation would never lead one to infer. The elements in our society, from which we will meet with the most opposition, are the clergymen, the lawyers, and the "bummers." Perhaps you are not familiar with the nature of the "bummer." They probably nowhere flourish to the perfection that they do within the limits of a mining settlement, and as soon as a district has grown into some degree of permanent civilization, they manage, by strategy, to effect a transit to the fields of the next new discovery. They subsist by begging their tobacco, going in debt wherever they can, taking advantage of all "treats" for their whiskey, gambling and betting on everything that belongs to them, and live for days in succession with scarcely anything to eat, until, driven to desperation, they appeal to some one who has the honesty to work, for God's sake to *lend* them four-bits with which to get a "square meal." Men of this character naturally—*instinctively*—oppose any measure for the elevation either of the character or condition of woman. Being too worthless to attain any individual nobility, they console themselves in that which society has accorded them by virtue of *sex*. This, in their conscious degradation, is the last salvo, "the last ditch," of their vanity, and they will not willingly part with it. The legal fraternity are infected, as usual, with the theories of Blackstone; the preachers and priests, as in duty bound, with the teachings of St. Paul. As is said of the married of our sex, "they have no opinions of their own."

These, as I have said, are the classes from whom, with some individual exceptions, will emanate all the opposition to Woman's Suffrage in Nevada. The miners and prospectors are intelligent and liberal, the press is generally favorable to our cause, the women have mostly learned some lessons in the fields of hard experience, and are able to distinguish between the realities and the delusions of woman's position, and with nearly a year before us for effort, aided by the progress of opinion beyond our state borders, we feel hopeful—even sanguine of success.

VIRGINIA HOWARD RUSSELL.

Hamilton, White Pine, Nevada.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR REVOLUTION: Have you heard of the great speech recently delivered in Congress, by Col. W. F. Prosser of Tennessee, on the subject of Education? Col. Prosser, besides being a handsome man, and a man of talent—able to make a speech which occupies nine columns of the *Globe*, and say something in it, too, (which you know very well many members of Congress cannot)—besides all this, or, you will perhaps, say, as a consequence of this, he has a high appreciation of our sex, as you will see by the extract which I enclose:

"PROVIDE FOR THE COMMON DEFENSE."

The fact that intelligence develops the resources and strengthens a nation is a sufficient argument that education is the most effectual provision which could be made for the common defense. Giants do not have to go armed as smaller people do. In the science of war we find that skill and inventive genius are of more importance than mere numbers. But after all, as the world's greatest general, Napoleon Bonaparte, says:

"The true victories, the only ones which we need never lament, are those won over the dominion of ignorance. The employment most honorable and most profitable to the people is to labor for the diffusion and extension of the ideas of men."

Ay, Mr. Speaker, there is a silent force scattered over our land, in its cities and at its cross-roads, so common as to be scarcely noticed, whose power is not within the estimation of the statesman. I mean the one hundred and sixty thousand school-teachers of the country, more than two-thirds of whom are of that class whose delicacy of organization forbids their bearing arms in battle, and for which inability they are sometimes very foolishly and unjustly reproached. Even while I speak there are more than one hundred thousand women teachers at their posts in our free schools. They marshal a host through which they exert a more mighty influence upon the destinies of humanity than all the soldiers ever marshaled by the man of destiny upon the battle-fields of Europe. Lord Brougham well said:

"Let the soldier be abroad if he will, he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage abroad, a person less imposing; in the eyes of some insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad; and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full uniform array."

This speech is now published in pamphlet form, to be scattered over the country as an educational tract. Many large orders have been sent in by prominent men who are interested in the cause of education; Gen. O. O. Howard, for instance, has ordered 2,000 copies of it. It is furnished in any number from one to 100 copies, at the mere price of paper and printing, which is two cents per copy. Desiring to further the interests of the cause, I will undertake to send copies of it to any of your readers who may send to me for it. As long as the franking privilege shall remain, it will be sent free of postage at the above rate.

Address: JULIA ARCHIBALD HOLMES,
Washington, D. C.

A COLORED JUDGE OF SUPREME COURT.—South Carolina has the first, and appropriately enough; J. J. Wright, of Charleston. *Wrighteous* judgment may at last be expected even in that state.

EMMA FARRAND OF THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

DEAR REVOLUTION: The Woman's Rights movement in Vermont is rapidly gaining upon public opinion. I do not believe it will take many years to overcome the inertia of conservatism in this state. I am not a new convert. I have heard the arguments of Garrison, Phillips, Anna Dickinson, and others; but the most polished, condensed, and sententious argument I have yet heard was from Miss Emma Farrand, a native of Vermont, as I am informed, who is now canvassing the state and lecturing upon the question, "Why should Woman be Disfranchised?" A young lady of slight figure, but of broad and lofty forehead, she seemed like one inspired as she demolished, one after another, the fortresses of her opponents. Every conceivable objection was met by the most cogent argument or the most withering satire. If women can analyze, and sift, and generalize as this young lady did, let us have more of such preachers. The opponents of the movement were confounded; some were mad, others acknowledged themselves beaten and driven to the wall.

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We are delighted at this good report of our young St. Lawrence University student. The Colleges that give girls an even chance with boys have reason, so far at least, to be proud of their results.—ED. REV.

A WOMAN ON THE MORMON WOMEN.

MISSOURI, Jan. 29th, 1870.

DEAR REVOLUTION: I read an interesting letter from a correspondent to the St. Louis *Republican*, from Salt Lake City, giving an account of a mass meeting of the Mormon women, protesting, in resolutions, against measures proposed in Congress and elsewhere for their "rights," and declaring their belief in the sanctity of the Mormon institutions. But I must give the resolution itself:

5th. Resolved, That in our candid opinion the presentation of the aforesaid bills indicates a manifest degeneracy (?) of the great men of the nation; and their adoption would presage a speedy downfall and ultimate extinction of the glorious pedestal of freedom, protection, and equal rights (?) established by our noble ancestors."

This resolution reminds me of Harriet Martineau's account, during her visit in Turkey, of a conversation she had with some Turkish women. She told them in her country the women walked in the streets without veils. They looked horrified, and exclaimed: "What a depraved set of women they must be!"

I see in the *Republican* correspondent's account at Salt Lake that Mrs. Brigham Young opened the meeting with prayer. Does this look as if Brigham had anything to do with the meeting? or was it a spontaneous gushing on Mrs. Brigham's own account, appreciating that she was one of the favored of sixty? I imagined that perhaps Brigham had made this particular *Mrs.* Brigham a special favorite, until reading further in the account, I find another Mrs. Brigham delivered an address. It also says that Mrs. Kimball, a relict (?) of the late Elder C. Kimball, made an address. It fails to mention which relict she was, or rather, what fraction of a relict. It also says that several of the speakers were first wives, whose husbands have become polygamists.

At first I could not comment on these strange proceedings, and wondered if any of our American *men* outside of Utah, whose hobby was wo-

man's "womanliness," could be pleased with this quintessence of "womanliness."

My good husband sat near me, reading, in a large, comfortable rocking-chair. Hubby, said I, looking up suddenly, how would you like a law that would permit me to take another husband to myself? The poor fellow's feelings were wounded at the bare thought of such an idea, and I rushed to my rescue for mentioning such a thing with my *Republican* article, saying, after he had read it: "How is it possible, then, that men can favor so many laws for women, which they cannot tolerate themselves? And if a pitiable set of women have become so demented by unequal laws, cramped opportunities, and false teachings, is it not time that wise men and women should make their laws for them?" ADILE SUMMERS.

A GREELEY GREETING.—The New York *Tribune* of Saturday gave us the following:

The *Woman's Journal* in Boston is now the recognized organ of the Woman's Rights movement. Relieved from its former mission to push this cause, our own sweet-tempered and truthful REVOLUTION still finds abundant work in the objects to which it now devotes itself. These seem to be; 1, to show how "brilliant, witty, noble, fascinating, and reverend" is its Editor, Mrs. H. B. Stanton (these adjectives are but scattered blossoms out of whole clusters of bouquets thrown at her through half the pages of her last number; 2, to berate women reporters for lack of "sufficient respect and reverence for these noble, cultured women;" for not celebrating the "force, grace, wit, tact, and close, clinching logic" of Mrs. H. B. Stanton; for not proclaiming the "piquant humor, ready wit, pleasant irony, ardent, tireless zeal, devotion, drive, remarkable pioneer and executive qualities," (etc., etc., etc., for half a column) of Miss Susan B. Anthony; and for not heralding to a waiting world the triumphs of—who but Mrs. E. C Stanton again?—as the greatest lecturer that ever illuminated the West since the days of George Francis Train. Women of a reforming turn of mind who wish for three dollars worth of this sort of thing per year should subscribe for THE REVOLUTION, Mrs. E. C. Stanton, Editor, Miss Susan B. Anthony, Proprietor and Publisher. Those who want Woman's Rights should subscribe for the *Woman's Journal*, Boston.

ONWARD, WYOMING!—In a private letter to the editor of THE REVOLUTION, the acting Governor of Wyoming says:

I have lately appointed Mrs. Martha West a Justice of the Peace forCorbin County; the first judicial appointment of a female in history.

A PROMINENT Mormon lady thinks that some of the Congressmen who are for abolishing concubinage among the Mormons, should first abolish it among themselves.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—We have had our Wheeler & Wilsons machine for ten years; have made five hundred suits of heavy cloth upon it quite a number of tents—which is very heavy work—a quantity of family sewing, from the *finest material* to the coarsest and never spent a cent for repairs. I have seen a great many other machines, but would not *now* exchange mine for any others.

Newbern, Va. MISS. M. H. ALEXANDER.

LITERARY.

TEMPERANCE ANECDOTES. Original and Selected by George W. Bungay. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House, 172 William street.

The friends of Temperance are at present very active and enterprising in their work. And surely there never was, there never could be, greater occasion. Mr. Bungay is too well known in the Temperance enterprise to need introduction, or his work a recommendation, but his "Temperance Anecdotes" make a handsome volume of 270 pages, interesting and entertaining, for young and old,

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Financial Department.

[Under this head, correspondents are responsible to their own sentiments, and not THE REVOLUTION.]

GREENBACKS FOREVER!

THE author of "Letter to a Congressman," in THE REVOLUTION of Jan. 20, errs in his nomenclature when he uses the term "cheap capital." If money could be borrowed at three per cent.—instead of twelve—in consequence of being plenty, if it was equal in value to gold, capital could not in a strict sense be said to be cheaper than when, from scarcity of money, the rate of interest is much higher. But he is not mistaken in his idea that a larger amount of circulating medium would call many idle hands into the labor field and thereby increase the prosperity of the country.

There never was a time, in this or any other country, when as much money—in proportion to the inhabitants—circulated, as in the North, during part of 1864, 1865, and part of 1866. Nor did we ever witness all hands so completely employed in earning something; nor was the wealth of any country ever so increased, as during that period of greenbacks, compound interest notes and national and state bank notes. And had not a great declension in the value of these circulating mediums taken place, in consequence of rebel influence, prices would not have ruled high, nor could money or capital have been called cheap. Hence it was demonstrated that could the amount of currency afloat at that time, be kept circulating and at par with gold, at all times, as your correspondent said, "Railroads, manufactures, inventions, commerce, trade, and everything would be stimulated to a degree never dreamed of by the wildest and craziest among us."

But all these benefits would be little more than the "dust in the balance" compared with the benefit resulting from narrowing the difference between the rich and the poor.

If we fall back upon any kind of banking system that obliges business men to borrow money on sixty or ninety day notes, leaving the power in banks to contract and expand their circulation at pleasure, we shall always have ruinous fluctuations in the money market, that always ruin those doing business on credit or borrowed capital. And as banks cannot make exorbitant profits unless money is scarce (what would have become of the thousands of state banks during the war if the government had not been a greedy borrower?), their own interest compels them to keep the circulation small; and under such system we have always been widening the difference between the rich and poor; and under any system that does not give us plenty of money and allow that money—whatever it be—to get into the circulation as coin would get into circulation; without notes through which the loaners can call it back out of the circulation, causing fluctuations, this difference between rich and poor must go on widening until we shall be like the older nations of the earth, divided, practically, into lords and serfs, with the serfs so dependent on the lords that the privilege of voting will be but a name and an affliction. For what is the *form* of a republican government worth, when practically the few rich control all questions? Hence, I say, the greatest of all the evils growing out of our financial system, is this tendency to widen the difference between the wealthy and the poorer classes.

But there are two objections to your correspondent's system of free banking. The first is, if bankers had to keep dead capital (bonds drawing no interest) on hand to the full amount of their circulation, or ten dollars in bonds to every nine of bills, there would not be profit enough in banking to entice capitalists. And second, there could not be a coin base with such a system.

But if, as I said (REVOLUTION, Jan. 13), Congress will enact to redeem the greenbacks at their market value, until par with gold, then continue to redeem them dollar for dollar as banks do their bills in specie-paying times, and in both cases pay the greenbacks out for gold at the price they were redeemed at, and if gold was not offered as fast as greenbacks, pay the balance for our bonds, to the end that *no contraction of the circulating medium takes place while reaching specie payments*, which should be about two years from July next, the spectre of specie payments would immediately vanish, and the coin and currency now held to meet that emergency would immediately materially increase the circulation. And when we shal have fully reached the good old times, when a paper dollar is worth a gold dollar, Congress might enact that the greenbacks be increased to five dollars for every dollar in gold in the treasury, and thus place it in the hands of business men, instead of continuing it "at the mercy of money sharks who have always delighted in victimizing the public." For if

business men desire at any time five million added to the currency, they have but to deposit one million of gold; and—unless Congress forbid—the treasurer should issue the five millions of greenbacks, pay one million to the depositors and four millions for our bonds. But the treasurer should have no power to contract the circulation. And if at any time Congress should have permitted the currency to become too redundant, we have but to wait until the increase of population and needs of trade absorb the whole.

As your correspondent shows, we have now ten inhabitants where we had eight before the war, and only seven dollars where we had eight in circulation then. And deduct what of legal tender banks are required to hold, and the currency held from circulation to be ready for the crash attending specie resumption, and we have but little more than $400,000,000 in circulation, at most, not more than one half as many dollars per capita as before the war. And if we consider that not half the credit is given now that there was before the redundant currency of 1865 stimulated a ready pay system (we need double the currency to do business with and pay down that we do to do business on credit), no one will wonder why the times are hard.

But Commissioner Wells, in the face of all these facts, claims that if our circulation was not more than $400,000,000, prices would be forced down low enough so our exports would equal our imports; overlooking the fact that if we have a surplus of anything it *must be exported* at whatever price it will bring in the market of the world, which market is not controlled by any system of currency in our country.

But all I claim is, that the greenbacks be continued in circulation, allowing Congress to determine the amount of currency, but never to contract any. T. HUTCHINGS.

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6:45 a. m.	6:45 a. m.	For Paterson.
7:45 a. m.	8:00 a. m.	*Day Express* for Rochester, Buffalo, Dunkirk, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and all points West and South; also for Newburg, Warwick, Unionville, and Honesdale. This train is composed of the finest Drawing Room Coaches in the world, as also the new and improved Day Coaches peculiar to this line. Sleeping Coaches are attached at Hornellsville, running through without change to Cleveland and Galion.
8:15 a. m.	8:30 a. m.	*Way Train*, Daily, for Otisville and intermediate stations west of Passaic Bridge.
8:45 a. m.	9:00 a. m.	For Hackensack, Piermont, and Monsey.
9:15 a. m.	9:15 a. m.	For Paterson and intermediate stations.
9:45 a. m.	10:00 a. m.	*Express Mail*, for Buffalo, Dunkirk, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and all points West and South; also for Warwick, Montgomery, Guilford, Pine Island and Unionville. Sleeping Coaches attached from Susquehanna to Buffalo.
11.45 a.m.	12.00. m.	For Paterson and Hackensack.
12:45 p.m.	1:00 p.m.	For Piermont and Monsey.
1:45 p.m.	1:45 p.m.	Daily for Patterson.
3:15 p.m.	3:30 p.m.	*Express Train* for Newburg, Paterson and stations north of Greenwood on Newburg branch.
3:15 p. m.	3:30 p. m.	*Way Train*, for Middletown and intermediate Stations. Also for Piermont.
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4:15 p.m.	4:15 p.m.	For Piermont and Monsey.
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5:15 p.m.	5:15 p.m.	For Paterson and Hackensack.
5:45 p.m.	6:00 p.m.	*Way Train*, for Suffern, and intermediate Stations. Also for Hackensack.
6:15 p.m.	6:30 p.m.	*Night Express*, Daily, for all points West and South. Sleeping Coaches run through with this train to Buffalo, Rochester, Cleveland and Cincinnati, without change.
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